

WHEN CHRISTMAS WAS HELD UP  
December 1906 By Hugh Pendexter

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# THE RED BOOK

MAGAZINE



## HOLIDAY NUMBER

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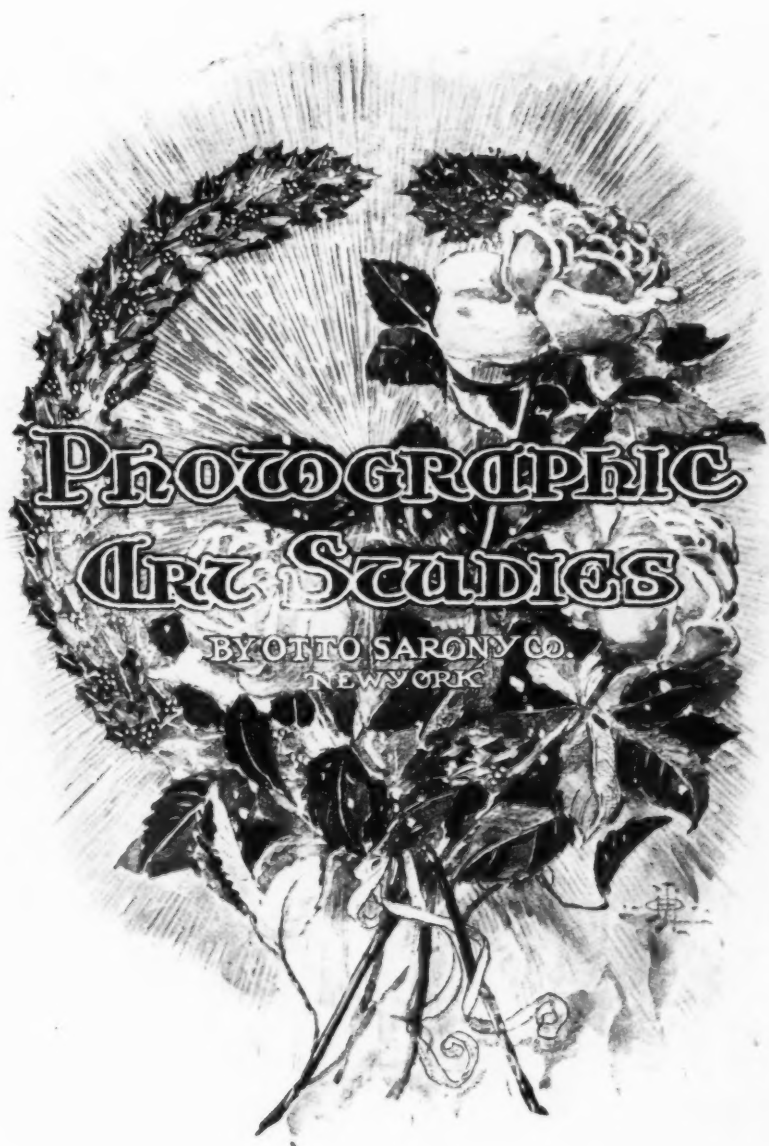
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DRAWN BY D. J. LAVIN

Jean sat on a log and pushed the hood from her face

See "A Kidnaped Angel" - page 237

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# The Red Book Magazine

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NO. 2

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## Miranda's Love Letters

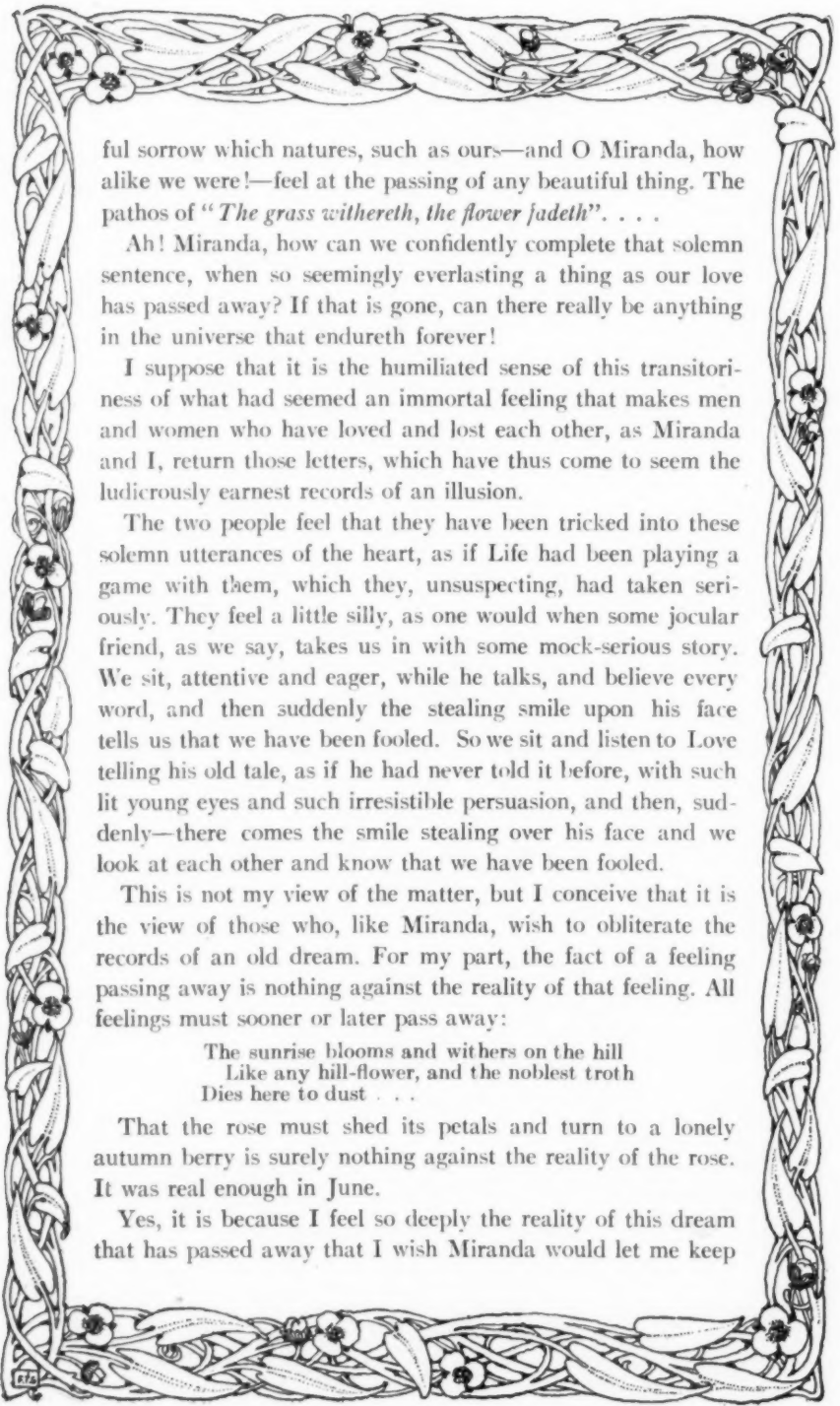
BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

**T**HE dream has come to an end, and I have just received a letter asking for a return of the dream documents. In other words, Miranda has written asking me to send back her letters. She is going to be married soon. Incidentally, so am I.

Our dream came to an end quite a while ago. But it was a very long and beautiful dream—dreams seldom last so long—and I did hope that Miranda would allow me to keep its beautiful records. But no! I have to send all that brilliant writing back again; all the fancy, and wit of tenderness which make such a living history of a fairy tale.

Perhaps Miranda wants to read the fairy tale over again, and is not satisfied with my poor records of it. That may be the reason why she wants those letters back. It can hardly be any common reason, such as actuates common lovers when they make a like demand. She knows how I reverence the memory of our dream, and I think she is almost as proud to have dreamed it as I am.

We are not bitter or jealous towards each other, but, on the contrary, each of us is glad that the other is so happy with—some one else. Such sorrow as remains to us is the abstract, wist-



ful sorrow which natures, such as ours—and O Miranda, how alike we were!—feel at the passing of any beautiful thing. The pathos of "*The grass withereth, the flower fadeth*". . .

Ah! Miranda, how can we confidently complete that solemn sentence, when so seemingly everlasting a thing as our love has passed away? If that is gone, can there really be anything in the universe that endureth forever!

I suppose that it is the humiliated sense of this transitoriness of what had seemed an immortal feeling that makes men and women who have loved and lost each other, as Miranda and I, return those letters, which have thus come to seem the ludicrously earnest records of an illusion.

The two people feel that they have been tricked into these solemn utterances of the heart, as if Life had been playing a game with them, which they, unsuspecting, had taken seriously. They feel a little silly, as one would when some jocular friend, as we say, takes us in with some mock-serious story. We sit, attentive and eager, while he talks, and believe every word, and then suddenly the stealing smile upon his face tells us that we have been fooled. So we sit and listen to Love telling his old tale, as if he had never told it before, with such lit young eyes and such irresistible persuasion, and then, suddenly—there comes the smile stealing over his face and we look at each other and know that we have been fooled.

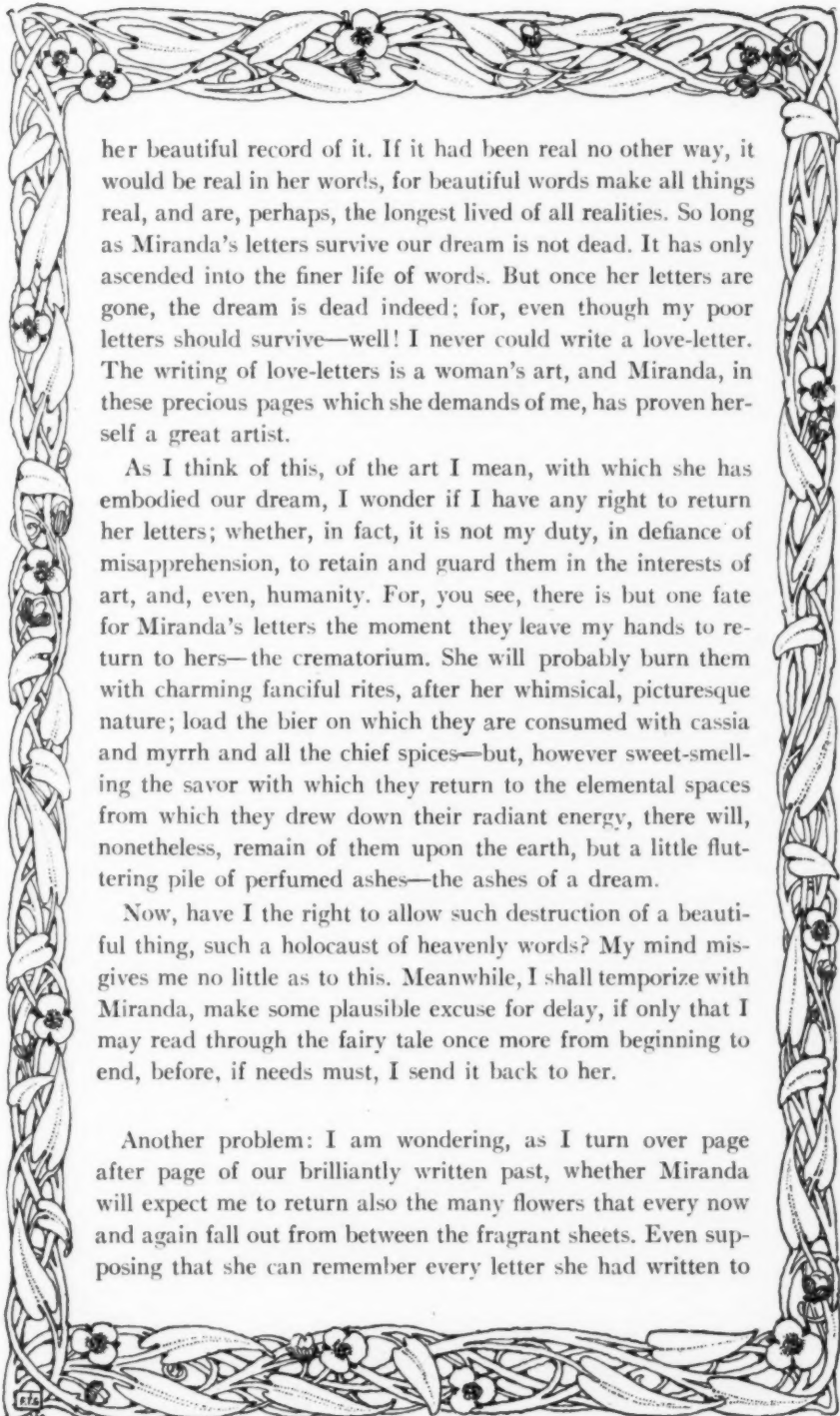
This is not my view of the matter, but I conceive that it is the view of those who, like Miranda, wish to obliterate the records of an old dream. For my part, the fact of a feeling passing away is nothing against the reality of that feeling. All feelings must sooner or later pass away:

The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill  
Like any hill-flower, and the noblest troth  
Dies here to dust . . .

That the rose must shed its petals and turn to a lonely autumn berry is surely nothing against the reality of the rose. It was real enough in June.

Yes, it is because I feel so deeply the reality of this dream that has passed away that I wish Miranda would let me keep






her beautiful record of it. If it had been real no other way, it would be real in her words, for beautiful words make all things real, and are, perhaps, the longest lived of all realities. So long as Miranda's letters survive our dream is not dead. It has only ascended into the finer life of words. But once her letters are gone, the dream is dead indeed; for, even though my poor letters should survive—well! I never could write a love-letter. The writing of love-letters is a woman's art, and Miranda, in these precious pages which she demands of me, has proven herself a great artist.

As I think of this, of the art I mean, with which she has embodied our dream, I wonder if I have any right to return her letters; whether, in fact, it is not my duty, in defiance of misapprehension, to retain and guard them in the interests of art, and, even, humanity. For, you see, there is but one fate for Miranda's letters the moment they leave my hands to return to hers—the crematorium. She will probably burn them with charming fanciful rites, after her whimsical, picturesque nature; load the bier on which they are consumed with cassia and myrrh and all the chief spices—but, however sweet-smelling the savor with which they return to the elemental spaces from which they drew down their radiant energy, there will, nonetheless, remain of them upon the earth, but a little fluttering pile of perfumed ashes—the ashes of a dream.

Now, have I the right to allow such destruction of a beautiful thing, such a holocaust of heavenly words? My mind misgives me no little as to this. Meanwhile, I shall temporize with Miranda, make some plausible excuse for delay, if only that I may read through the fairy tale once more from beginning to end, before, if needs must, I send it back to her.

Another problem: I am wondering, as I turn over page after page of our brilliantly written past, whether Miranda will expect me to return also the many flowers that every now and again fall out from between the fragrant sheets. Even supposing that she can remember every letter she had written to



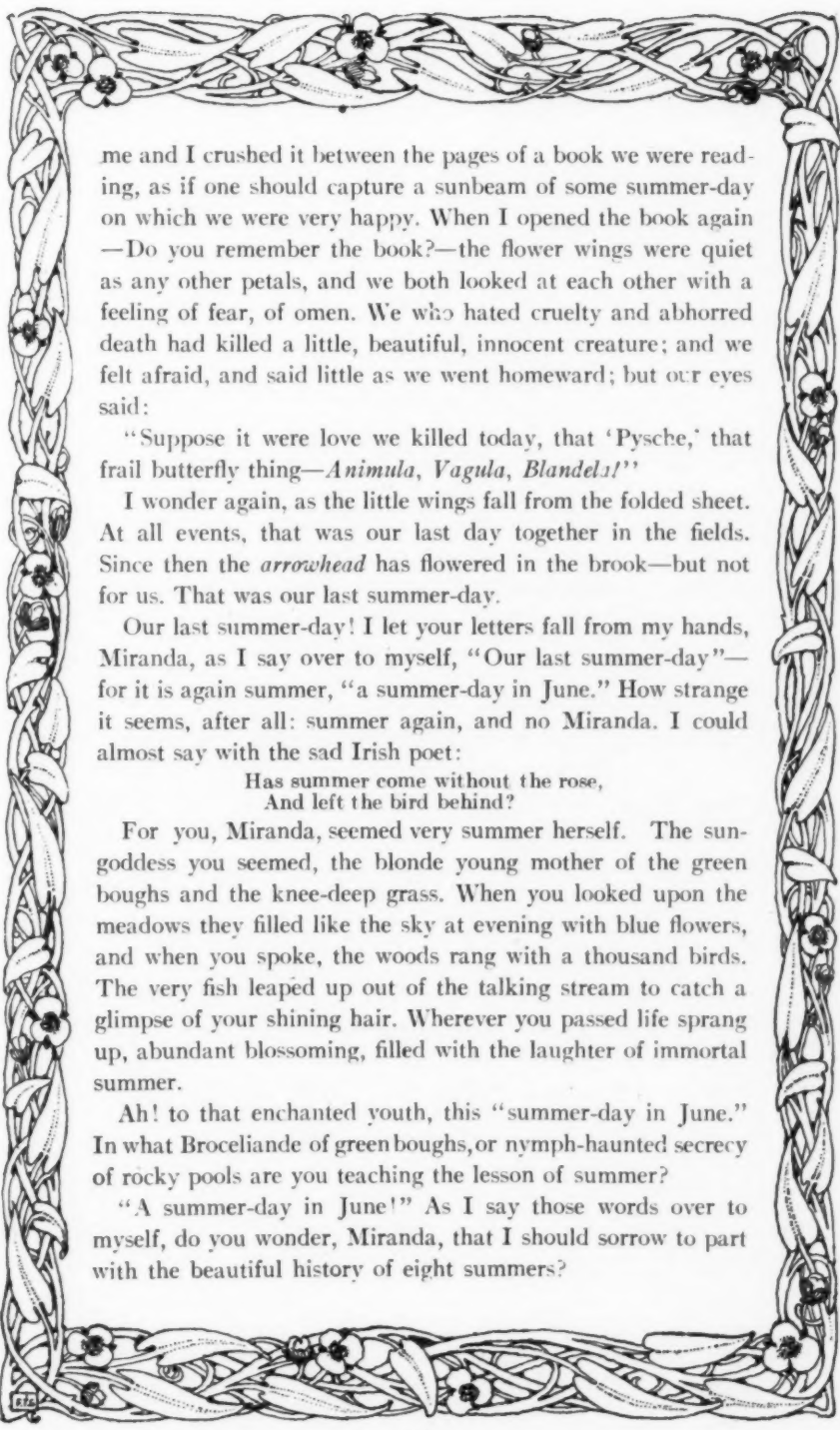
me, and is capable of detecting me should I filch a single one, she can hardly remember the flowers of eight summers! Yes, eight summers. I said that our dream was a very long and beautiful one; and, indeed, it is hard to understand why, when a dream has lasted so long, it should not last forever. But such is the way of dreams, and surely Miranda and I were fortunate in that ours lasted so long.

Here is a flower I certainly shall keep, whatever happens. This *arrowhead*, with its keen, beautiful leaf beside it. Do you remember the day we gathered this, Miranda? How I climbed down from the little bridge and picked my way over the stones of the brook that went singing out of the sun into the cool darkness? It grew right in the shadow of the rough stone arch, and when I came out with it in my hand, there were you standing on a stepping-stone just behind me, and some treacherous gold pin had loosened the wheatsheaf of your hair, and, as we stood together on those quaking stones in the middle of the little stream, we looked into each other's eyes. And just then a catbird began singing in a meadow nearby. Do you remember? And may I keep this *arrowhead*, Miranda?

And this flower, too—this strange, waxen flower that made us a little afraid because we said it looked beautiful as death, not knowing then how near we had come to its name. We found it growing in the depths of the woods, a haunted, lonely thing, and we plucked it as one might pluck *mandragora*, almost expecting weird cries and lamentations rising from the ground. The innocent children call it *Indian's-pipe*. Some call it *corpse-flower*. What shall we call it, Miranda?

And here again is a flower no one shall rob me of. A simple, childish flower indeed. Only a spray of *crimson Rambler*. At least you will let me keep that, Miranda. You will not deprive me of that.

I have just found something else pressed between the pages of a letter: another kind of flower—a butterfly. A great, yellow butterfly with tails to his wings. I caught it for fun, not meaning to hurt it; and then suddenly an impulse came over



me and I crushed it between the pages of a book we were reading, as if one should capture a sunbeam of some summer-day on which we were very happy. When I opened the book again—Do you remember the book?—the flower wings were quiet as any other petals, and we both looked at each other with a feeling of fear, of omen. We who hated cruelty and abhorred death had killed a little, beautiful, innocent creature; and we felt afraid, and said little as we went homeward; but our eyes said:

“Suppose it were love we killed today, that ‘Pysche,’ that frail butterfly thing—*Animula, Vagula, Blandula!*!”

I wonder again, as the little wings fall from the folded sheet. At all events, that was our last day together in the fields. Since then the *arrowhead* has flowered in the brook—but not for us. That was our last summer-day.

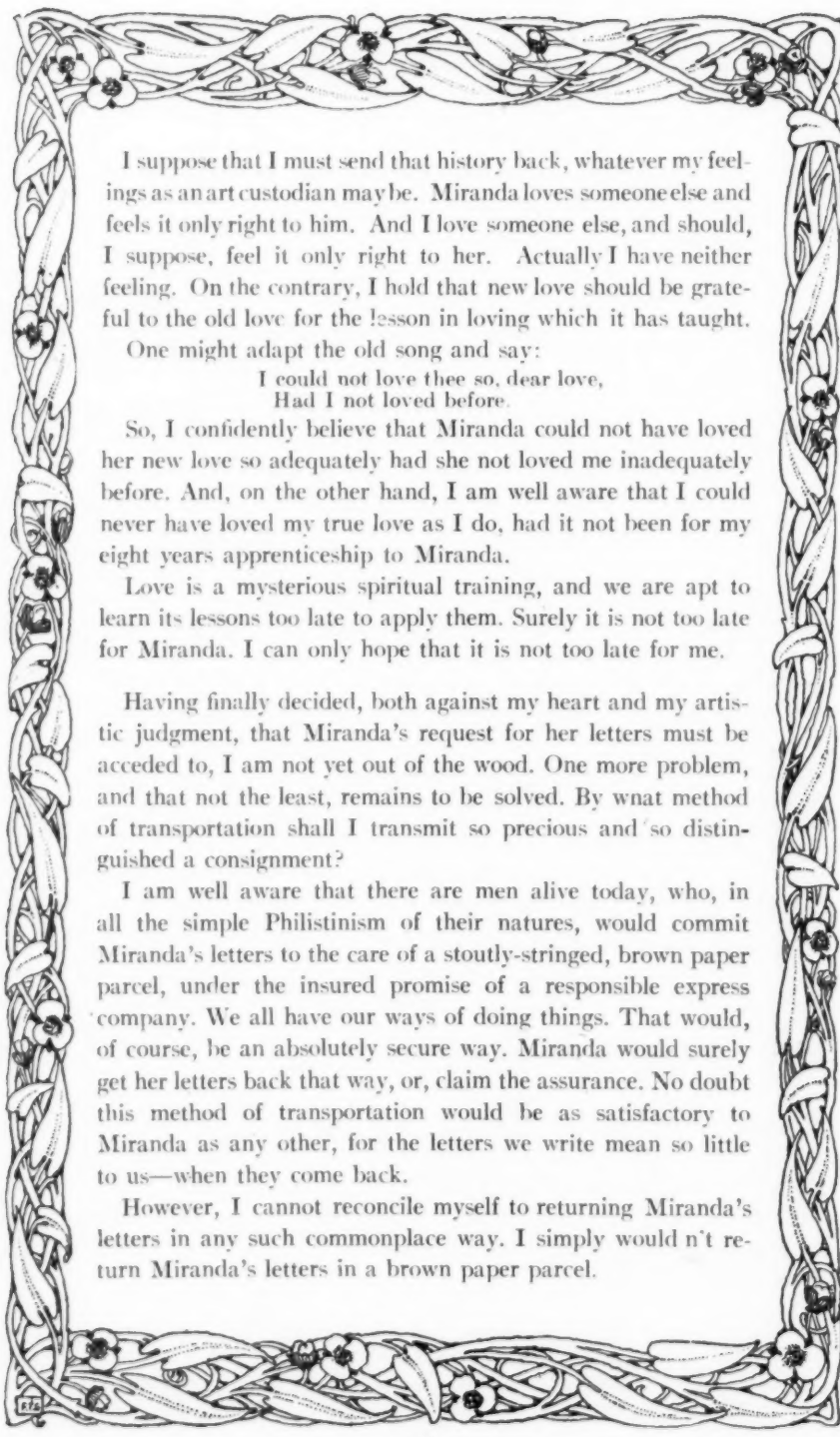
Our last summer-day! I let your letters fall from my hands, Miranda, as I say over to myself, “Our last summer-day”—for it is again summer, “a summer-day in June.” How strange it seems, after all: summer again, and no Miranda. I could almost say with the sad Irish poet:

Has summer come without the rose,  
And left the bird behind?

For you, Miranda, seemed very summer herself. The sun-goddess you seemed, the blonde young mother of the green boughs and the knee-deep grass. When you looked upon the meadows they filled like the sky at evening with blue flowers, and when you spoke, the woods rang with a thousand birds. The very fish leaped up out of the talking stream to catch a glimpse of your shining hair. Wherever you passed life sprang up, abundant blossoming, filled with the laughter of immortal summer.

Ah! to that enchanted youth, this “summer-day in June.” In what Broceliande of green boughs, or nymph-haunted secrecy of rocky pools are you teaching the lesson of summer?

“A summer-day in June!” As I say those words over to myself, do you wonder, Miranda, that I should sorrow to part with the beautiful history of eight summers?



I suppose that I must send that history back, whatever my feelings as an art custodian may be. Miranda loves someone else and feels it only right to him. And I love someone else, and should, I suppose, feel it only right to her. Actually I have neither feeling. On the contrary, I hold that new love should be grateful to the old love for the lesson in loving which it has taught.

One might adapt the old song and say:

I could not love thee so, dear love,  
Had I not loved before.

So, I confidently believe that Miranda could not have loved her new love so adequately had she not loved me inadequately before. And, on the other hand, I am well aware that I could never have loved my true love as I do, had it not been for my eight years apprenticeship to Miranda.

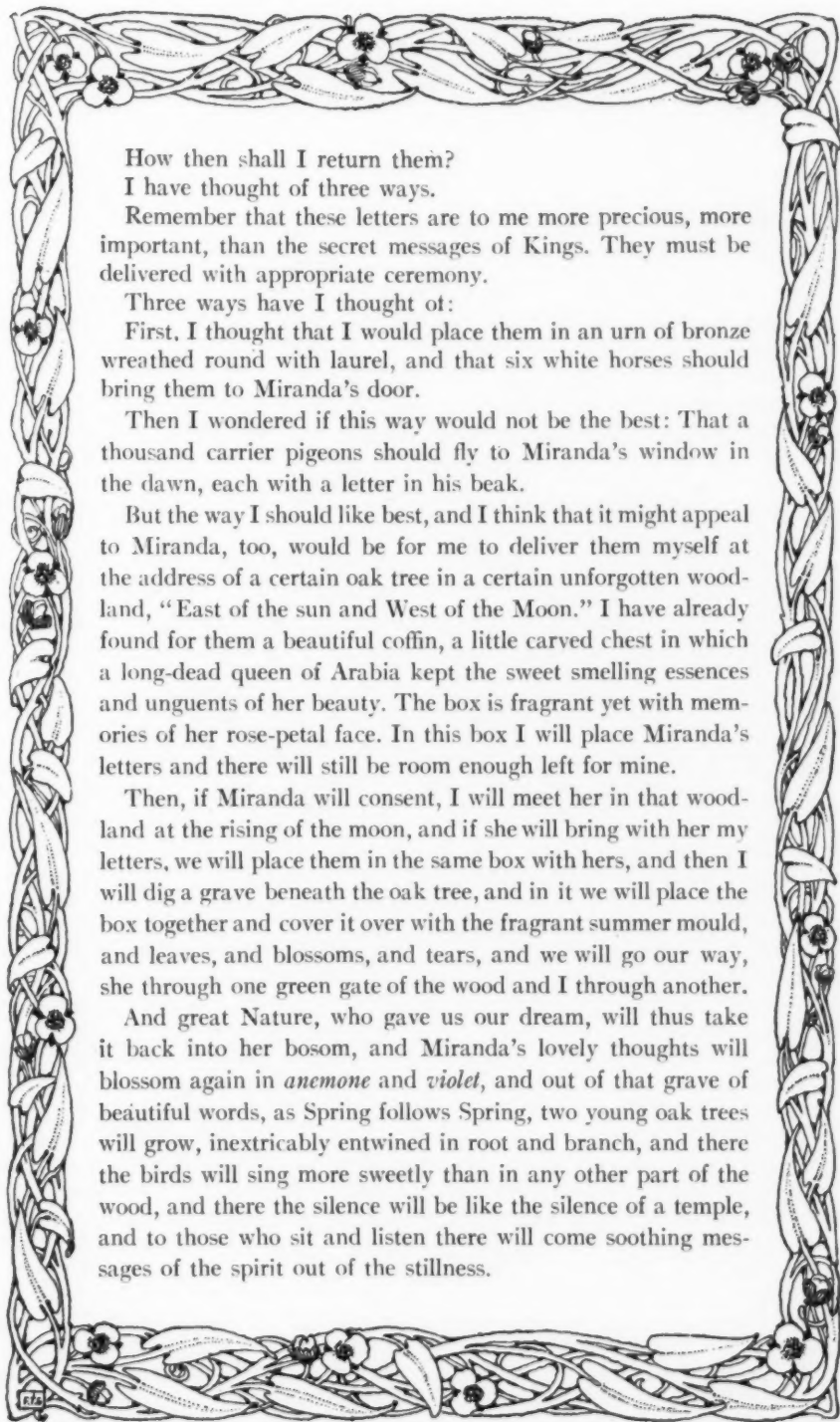
Love is a mysterious spiritual training, and we are apt to learn its lessons too late to apply them. Surely it is not too late for Miranda. I can only hope that it is not too late for me.

Having finally decided, both against my heart and my artistic judgment, that Miranda's request for her letters must be acceded to, I am not yet out of the wood. One more problem, and that not the least, remains to be solved. By what method of transportation shall I transmit so precious and so distinguished a consignment?

I am well aware that there are men alive today, who, in all the simple Philistinism of their natures, would commit Miranda's letters to the care of a stoutly-stringed, brown paper parcel, under the insured promise of a responsible express company. We all have our ways of doing things. That would, of course, be an absolutely secure way. Miranda would surely get her letters back that way, or, claim the assurance. No doubt this method of transportation would be as satisfactory to Miranda as any other, for the letters we write mean so little to us—when they come back.

However, I cannot reconcile myself to returning Miranda's letters in any such commonplace way. I simply would n't return Miranda's letters in a brown paper parcel.





How then shall I return them?

I have thought of three ways.

Remember that these letters are to me more precious, more important, than the secret messages of Kings. They must be delivered with appropriate ceremony.

Three ways have I thought of:

First, I thought that I would place them in an urn of bronze wreathed round with laurel, and that six white horses should bring them to Miranda's door.

Then I wondered if this way would not be the best: That a thousand carrier pigeons should fly to Miranda's window in the dawn, each with a letter in his beak.

But the way I should like best, and I think that it might appeal to Miranda, too, would be for me to deliver them myself at the address of a certain oak tree in a certain unforgotten woodland, "East of the sun and West of the Moon." I have already found for them a beautiful coffin, a little carved chest in which a long-dead queen of Arabia kept the sweet smelling essences and unguents of her beauty. The box is fragrant yet with memories of her rose-petal face. In this box I will place Miranda's letters and there will still be room enough left for mine.

Then, if Miranda will consent, I will meet her in that woodland at the rising of the moon, and if she will bring with her my letters, we will place them in the same box with hers, and then I will dig a grave beneath the oak tree, and in it we will place the box together and cover it over with the fragrant summer mould, and leaves, and blossoms, and tears, and we will go our way, she through one green gate of the wood and I through another.

And great Nature, who gave us our dream, will thus take it back into her bosom, and Miranda's lovely thoughts will blossom again in *anemone* and *violet*, and out of that grave of beautiful words, as Spring follows Spring, two young oak trees will grow, inextricably entwined in root and branch, and there the birds will sing more sweetly than in any other part of the wood, and there the silence will be like the silence of a temple, and to those who sit and listen there will come soothing messages of the spirit out of the stillness.

## Winston's Regrets

BY MRS. FREMONT OLDER

Joseph Winston removed his spectacles from his young-old, emaciated, sallow face, raised his head from the card to which a spider was pinned, and stared at the thick-set, tearful woman with dark, Madonna eyes, standing before his table.

"But Pauline," he protested, "it is impossible that I should allow you to leave me. I cannot dispense with your services. You are the only cook I have had since the first Pauline went back to France and settled down as a *rentière* in Provence who understood that duck should be cooked eighteen minutes, not nineteen. Then what should I do without that delicious *bouille-à-baisse* of yours. No, Pauline, I will raise your wages. You may have forty-five dollars a month."

"Oh! *monsieur*, it is not ze money," she replied, "It is my bébé. I must leave *monsieur* to go take care of ze bébé. My little girl is ver' seek."

The card to which the spider was pinned fell to the table. Joseph Winston smoothed his head as an aid to thought. Winston's gold-red hair manifested all the improbability of a wig. "Why Pauline," he exclaimed, "I did not know that you were married or had a baby."

"My husband die three years since, *monsieur*, and my little girl is come ver' soon after. I lose one place, zen another, because no one will have ze bébé in ze house, and so I pay some friend *des braves gens*, very good French people over in North Beach, to take care of she, but she seek, and I see her only in ze night. Ze docteur say she die. Pardon, but *monsieur* will find some one to make the cooking. I nevaire, nevaire separate from little Antoinette Regina again if she shall live." Pauline was sobbing.

He had always thought of her as middle-aged, but now as he looked at her, he realized that it was only the years of hard work that had supplied the impression. Winston found himself unable to cope with the weeping domestic, and so alien to him were the human emotions, that he left the library for the moment, but he

returned directly, still smoothing his hair in the uneasy, cautious manner of a celibate.

"Why I hardly know what to say, Pauline, except that you must remain in my employ, and if your little girl recovers, as I hope she will, there are plenty of rooms in this large house, and you will see that she does not disturb me— Why not bring her here?"

"Oh, *monsieur* is so kind. I dare not to ask, for *monsieur* pay so well, and his work so little. Thank you. *Monsieur* is the first employer to permit ze bébé with me."

"Now don't weep," the blue-eyed, gentle, mild-voiced man pleaded. "I entreat you, do not weep, Pauline. I am going away, and you may remain with your baby until she is well, and then come back to me. Meanwhile, I shall famish at the country hotels, for I am going on an entomological expedition. By the way, Pauline, what might your name be."

"Marie La Coste, *monsieur*."

When Winston's parents died ten years before, they had left in his employ their cook Pauline, and as she soon afterwards returned to France, he had re-christened all her successors in her honor. This particular Pauline had been in his employ for six months, yet not until now had he known her name; for this withered, thin, self-centered bachelor, at four years of age, had begun collecting insects. While other boys threw their lives into foot ball, base ball and tennis, Winston wandered through the fields with his net, returning with specimens of butterflies, bees, ants, and beetles, and latterly he had specialized in this science. After leaving the university, he had sought out other entomologists, and had spent large sums in collecting and classifying the one hundred and fifty thousand beetles which filled the cabinets in his study, not to consider the minor collections of other insects. This had been his existence until now, and he could not be expected to lift his gaze from the



DRAWN BY W. H. D. KOERNER

'My little girl is ver' seek.'

microscope long enough to fix his attention on the human life surrounding him, the existence of a mere servant for whom he was in no degree responsible. Why waste his invaluable time on so ubiquitous and definitely placed a species as the cook while there still remained millions of insects unclassified, when it might be for him, although a mere amateur, to win renown in the entomological world by a great discovery? So, with a start, Winston's eyes were opened by Pauline to the realization that there existed human beings with dying children, and one such was now under his own roof. His eyes were for the most part closed to everything immediate, or modern, as a banality. Japan and Russia might by their great battles alter historical judgment; Mt. Pelees might sunder the earth; Edisons and Marconis might make their eras in science; but for him, he concerned himself with but little that was not recorded in the text books of his university. The curriculum of Harvard contained sufficient knowledge for any man, and it would have been nothing less than anarchy for him to think of, or see, aught but insects. So, after he had extricated himself from the awkward predicament of having a cook weeping in his library, he smiled at the eccentricities of conduct of the uneducated classes.

Winston had long before decided that all the misery in the world was generated by lack of knowledge, lack of education. Now, if even Pauline, in her youth, could have substituted several scientific volumes for her preposterous mercurial emotions, undoubtedly she would not have understood that a cook with a baby approached the ridiculous.

As he started with Professor and Miss Copeland the next day on an entomological expedition through Lake County—he usually accompanied the Copelands on their summer-vacation tramps—he had a premonition that Pauline's baby would live, but that his much cherished academic repose had forever forsaken his old-fashioned brick dwelling, had departed from his garden which it had pleased the exclusiveness of his nature to know was quite secluded by a high fence from common-place pedestrians, all doubtless bent on sordid commerce; and he involuntarily

turned to the daughter of the professor with whom he had spent five summers for help.

She seemed admirably suited to him, for she was a capable, lath-like woman with an authoritative voice—a little too sharp perhaps—a long, thin, intellectually pale, face, her fine hair brushed back tightly on either side, and a few sparse curls over her high narrow forehead, spectacles resting on the bridge of her long, thin nose—the sort of a woman in brief into whose hands he felt he could confide his home and himself, and one who would, moreover, shield him from Pauline and her baby.

Hitherto, he had considered Miss Copeland merely a zealous fellow-entomologist designed to radiate enthusiasm when he and the professor caught in their nets a new species of butterfly or cricket, one who had reduced life to a theory—his theory—and translated it into Latin; but now during these weeks he reflected on that which, strangely enough, he had never considered before—the possibility of marrying Miss Copeland.

Before the summer was over, Marcia, perhaps divining this, altered somewhat; for her mouth was in a less resolute line, a tender glow softened her eyes, and she became in truth as a woman still in her twenties, one from whom youth had not, as yet, entirely fled. Still, the summer waned, and Winston's dreams had not formed themselves into action, when he came back to town, and almost tip-toed into his home. In the hall he found the maid, and asked if Pauline had returned.

"Yes, Mr. Winston, and she has the darling baby."

Already he was sensible of an extraneous presence in his house, that his residence was no longer wholly his own. A quite perceivable atmosphere of inquietude permeated the abode, and he felt that no one but Marcia Copeland could re-establish its wonted scholastic serenity. Yet Pauline was so necessary to his epicurean tastes—wholly unscientific, he reluctantly confessed—that he felt it was his duty to send for her, and say he was glad her child had recovered. When he perfunctorily uttered the words, the strong coarse-handed, great-footed peasant with the roughly chiseled features and the



swarthy black hair, nearly wept for joy, as she replied:

"Oh merci, *monsieur*! My prayers to the Holy Virgin save her life."

"Now, Pauline, I hope your little girl is not noisy," he warned her; "I positively must not be disturbed in my work. I have these beautiful specimens here, beautiful, Japanese *coleoptera*, exquisite works of art"—he caressed the dried insects as if they were jewels—"and I shall be very busy."

"Oh *monsieur*, Antoinette Regina is a ver' good little girl, she make not noise. *Monsieur* shall not be disturbed."

He dissected the caterpillars, the bees, the ants, the beetles. He studied them underneath a glass. He glued each separate limb to a bit of card board. He was preparing to write a treatise on the clavated antennae of the *coleoptera* when one afternoon, about five o'clock, while he was in the ecstasy of work, he glanced up from his desk, which stood in the center of the room, and there in the doorway, her finger in her exquisite, rosy mouth, her silken, thin-gold, hair falling in curls around her head and veiling her large staring brown eyes, was Pauline's child. He looked at the little figure in white and smiled, and at that moment even the wings of the turquoise South American butterfly in his cabinet lost their beauty. He dropped his microscope, leaned back in his chair, and smiled again; his lips were so thin that they stretched unpleasantly over his teeth, and Winston, who had just passed forty, smil-

ing for the first time in his life at a child, seemed an old man; but Antoinette Regina, perceiving the kindness of his greeting, smiled charmingly in return at him. Then she held out her arms as if she were about to swim in deep water, threw her head up into the air, and, without other invitation, toddled across the room to him, and clasping his knee with her arms, looked up at him, rippling baby words that fell delightful on his ear.

What to do with this amiable, rosy-cheeked doll he did not know. He had pinned everything to a bit of paper so long that his first impulse was to fasten her to a piece of card board, and place her in the cabinet. Finally he bent over, and took her in his arms, and she stood on his knees and captivantly held up her little mouth to his.

"You wonderful baby," he exclaimed, and nearly dropped her. He pressed her satin cheeks against his own, and for the first time in his life he was thrilled with the ecstasy of the caress of something human. Presently he was inspecting through a micro-

scope her hands, pink and plump, joining the arms without a wrist—what a dear little unclassified something she was—and he drew them in a caress across his face. He forgot his work, caught, in the sorcery and charm of the baby, but presently he placed her gently upon his knee, and began examining the beetles on his desk. She was quiet for a moment, but then she frantically arose and in proud insubordination swept all the specimens to



DRAWN BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Antoinette Regina.

the floor, and triumphantly seated herself upon the desk.

"Antoinette Regina," he reproved, no longer smiling. "You must never do that again. You are the true feminine, destructive, French."

He thought that he was frowning at her when she nearly fell from her perch on the table into his arms, and she, of her own accord, dragged her little fingers across his wrinkled forehead cooing at him until he laughed again. In this brief half hour Winston had become not ungraceful in the management of the child, and he said:

"I like you. Do you like me, Antoinette Regina?"

She gurgled, but did not understand. "Are you deaf, child? Do you like me, dear little girl?"

Terms of endearment hesitated in Winston's throat, and at first he thought the child was laughing at him, when it occurred to him that perhaps she might not understand English, and, in slow laborious French—he had learned the language, of course, but he thought in Latin, he hoped—he repeated the question until she answered, "*T'aime, dada.*"

After he had told her that she was "*adorable*," "*charmante*," that he loved her, and asked her half a dozen times to affirm that she reciprocated; after he had uttered a score of affectionate follies that he had read in books, and which he had never brought himself to pronounce in English, his vocabulary became exhausted.

When the maid came to announce that dinner was served, Winston, unheeding the specimen cards scattered on the rug said, "Lay a cover for Antionette Regina," and carried her in his arms to the dining room.

The following morning, when he found his way into a large department store, he re-lived the days of his childhood in purchasing toys enough for all the children in the block. On returning to the house he was obliged to seek Pauline to find the child.

"Oh, Antoinette Regina is not to take *monsieur's* time and patience. It is too much that *monsieur* send her all the dollies like a rich bébé. She must not trouble, or *monsieur* send us away."

"Let her go any where she pleases,

Pauline. She may play in the garden, only I would rather she did not go into my work-room during my absence. Professor and Miss Copeland are dining with me tonight, and I wish Antoinette Regina to come to the table with us." Then, instead of returning to work, he went up to the child's room where she was soliloquizing and purling her joy over the toys that he had given her.

That evening—it was the first time he had seen Marcia since their return from the country—he was conscious that she had yielded to an unscientific infirmity, for she had placed a purple and green bow in her hair. He could not say whether he liked it or not, but he appreciated it as a tribute to him. Marcia sat on his right and Antoinette Regina's high chair was placed on his left, but the child, who the evening before had dined with him and behaved admirably, contenting herself with compelling him to eat from her spoon, now showed hitherto unrevealed ill-nature. After she had finished her dinner she threw her spoon, then her plate, and finally Winston's wine glass on the floor. They all frightened her with their French, and Winston scarcely recognized in her the lovable little girl of the previous evening. Miss Copeland, seeming to realize that it might not be unbecoming to indicate an affection for children exclaimed, "Poor little, nervous, tired girl!" and left her seat to take the child in her arms. Winston could hardly believe his eyes when he saw little Antoinette Regina, who so resembled a cupid from one of Correggio's canvasses, draw back her fist to increase its force, and when Marcia Copeland was near, give her a vicious slap. Even Joseph, in the first days of his infatuation for the child, could support such conduct no longer, and so, she was banished to the kitchen with her mother.

Winston always arose early, and began work at a good hour. He feared that his experiment with Antoinette Regina was a failure when, just as he was fastening the leg of a red ant to a card he felt something touching his knee. He looked down, and there was the child, bonny and smart in a fresh white frock, with a flaxened haired doll almost the size of herself in her arms,



DRAWN BY W. H. D. KOERNER

He was inspecting her hand through a microscope

shaking his knee, and cooing "dada." Winston instantly seized her, flung her up into the air, and laughed the laugh of forgiveness, the laugh of a father, the laugh of the lover whose joy it is to cede himself to the one beloved.

He spent the entire morning playing with her, endeavoring to understand her infantine French, and to teach her to say in English, "I love you, dada." He even sought to interest her in his specimens, for he believed that men, women, and babies should accept his hobby and Antoinette Regina was more patient with his fad, than were many of her seniors. She swallowed a few of his beetles, and tore the wings from one of his butterflies, but otherwise she tried her best not to be bored as she sat on his desk, holding her doll in her arms, for had not "dada" promised to take her in the choo-choo car? They rode in an automobile through the park, and explored together the department store, when Winston made further preposterous purchase of toys.

The Copelands often dined with Winston, but after the first unlucky experience he never again exhibited Antoinette

Regina, for he felt that either she disliked Miss Copeland, or took advantage of her presence to misconduct herself. Alone with him, she was charming, and she brought her toys into his work room and played there, singing to her dolls little songs in a mixture of French-English and her baby language. She named all the chairs in the room. The large one upholstered in leather was "Oozy." Another soft, smaller seat was "By-by," and still another she christened "Zoo-zoo," and she called each by name as if it were human.

As time passed, Winston gloried in the little being's sweet dependence on himself, her tender love for him, and the varied enchanting ways in which she demonstrated her delight in being near him, and with each hour, he felt that he had long missed something in life, that he had awakened at last to a new sense. This consciousness always turned his thoughts Marciaward, and so, during the month of November, he asked the Copelands to dinner with the definite intention of elucidating his need to Marcia. Yet, in his envisionment of his life to come with her, he determined that

he must adopt Antoinette Regina if her mother would permit, that he might rear her as his own, for he dared not consider his future if the child were to be exiled from him now.

The dinner passed delightfully, for never before had he realized what an excess of affection even a woman with a scientific, philosophical mind like that of Marcia could insinuate to a man while comparing the mesothorax of *coleoptera*. Even the commonest red ants were luminous with love, and the subject drifted toward the wooing of butterflies and bees, and the romances of crickets. All the insect world, as they viewed it, dining on Pauline's deliciously cooked canvas-back, seemed to be born not to be classified and glued to bits of card board, but to hum love songs through drowsy summer nights; and although they, unhearing and unseeing, had climbed mountain heights together, had touched the very clouds, their eyes fixed on the insects beneath their feet, now, for the first time, Joseph Winston and Marcia Copeland were moved as if the entire orchestra of nature were blaring recklessly at them. It had reached this stage, when, as Marcia was leaving, and she and Winston were in the hall—the professor either through consideration or impatience had gone on ahead, and was already on the veranda—Joseph committed the unprecedented act of his existence, so far as Marcia was concerned. Formality between them was terminated, for he with all the tenderness that his belated emotional development could express, raised her long, thin, brown, hand to his lips. Marcia turned a vivid red. From another man it might have signified nothing, but from Winston it expressed all, and Marcia's expression told him that she understood. It was just at the moment when her comprehension was perfected, and a declaration of love—perhaps in Latin, perhaps in Greek quotation, but at least in scholarly English—was on Winston's lips, that from the hall above arose the heart-piercing shriek of Antoinette Regina.

Winston sprang up the stair way, and found the little girl in her night dress, flat on the floor, her eyes closed, her mouth open, holding her breath. Finally she yielded to her desire to weep, and sobbed.

When Winston approached her, she thrust him from her, and turned away her head. Again he endeavored to conciliate her, but she looked at him once, a century of hatred in her eyes, lunged toward him, pulled his *toupee* from his head, held it trembling at arm's length in the air, and looked at Marcia as much as to say, "Love him bald, if you dare." The field was hers, for he stood before her a shame-faced culprit, while Marcia fled at the summons of her father's voice.

For the moment he was resentful of the humiliation which the child had put upon him, but he replaced his wig, and pardoned her, for he asked humbly:

"What is the matter, Antoinette? Baby, baby, do tell me."

Pauline now appeared, and snatched up the child, uttering indistinct love words in French.

"How did you come here?" she cried. I thought you were asleep."

"Are you ill?" Joseph supplicated. "Do tell me. What do you suppose has happened, Pauline?" Again he approached the baby. "What is the matter?"

"You tised her, dada. You tised her," was all she would say as she hid her face against her mother's shoulder. He attempted to take her in his arms, but she repelled him with her feet crying, "You tised her, dada."

"Don't, my bébé," her mother pleaded. "Monsieur is so good to you. I can't say *monsieur* why ze child should so behave. I sleep, and she crawl out of her bed. You will not send me away because of her. She shall nevaire do so again. Poor bébé she is seek."

"No! No! No! Dada tised the lady," screamed Antoinette Regina.

Winston looked at Pauline, and the mother said, "I think *pauvre* Antoinette to be jealous."

"Whoever heard of such a thing, Pauline?"

"Her fazzer and I were both jealous."

Winston again attempted to caress the child, but she shook him off. "Antoinette," he promised, "I will rub the kiss from the lady's hand if you will kiss me."

But she, who had been such a spendthrift of her affection, gave him no answer.

"Oh *monsieur*, I have nevaire to see the



bébé like this. I must take her in bed. I not understand her," the mother interrupted, but Winston urged:

"Pauline, wait just a moment. Antoinette, do you love me?"

"I hate dada," she snapped.

Her mother cried, "Bébé, bébé don't say zat! You love *monsieur*, of course," but all the child would respond was, "I hate *monsieur*."

Winston retired, mystified by this new phase of Antoinette Regina's character, and could not refrain from considering her as a French psychological study. He wondered, till very late, into what sort of a woman she would develop. In the morning, his amazement grew when Antoinette Regina did not bring her play things to his study. At 10 o'clock, he went to seek her, and her mother told him that she had sobbed herself to sleep the night before, and was now in the garden playing. He found her wrapped in solemnity, sitting on the steps, holding her doll, looking at the bay. He began with, "Do you love me this morning?"

She shut her teeth, and answered, "I hate you." Although he set himself in earnest to regain her favor she was obdurate. Then he returned to his library where he missed the little songs in "By-by," "Oozy" and "Zoo-zoo." Presently he left the house to purchase an armful of toys which he laid at her feet but she steadfastly ignored them. Day after day passed, and she greeted him not at all, or answered as he besieged her for one word of endearment, "I hate you."

Finally her appetite for sweets assailed her, and she ate those thrust before her saying specifically with each mouthful, "I hate you." Even this slight progress toward reconciliation made Winston happy, for it stirred in him hope of ultimate pardon. In

his anxiety to be forgiven by the child, he forgot Marcia, and begged to be allowed to postpone his promised visit to the Copelands in Berkeley. All his intelligence, his will, his diplomacy were now concentrated in regaining what he had lost, the indulgence of Antoinette Regina; and when a few days later she accepted from him a choo-choo car filled with candied fruits it bore almost the significance of a scientific event, for she said "Thank you." The next day, however, she persisted, "Dada, I hate you."

It was the holiday week, and he knew he was to pass Christmas eve with the Copelands, when one day she brought her latest doll, a large Japanese monstrosity, and sang it to sleep in the "By-by" chair.



DRAWN BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Don't you love me?"

"Antoinette," he cried in French, "you are a witch. You do love me now. The kiss on the lady's hand has gone away, away."

She dropped her little round chin on her breast, and he saw the lovely, long, black lashes of her absurdly large eyes resting on her cheeks.

"No! no!" she answered.

"Oh you must, Antoinette," he insisted as ardently as a boy. Since his wooing of her, he had taken a step backward toward youth. "Santa Claus is coming, and I am going to have him visit you if you are good and love me. He brings nice little girls so many pretty things."

Still she was uncompromising.

The day before Christmas, despite Pauline's protest, he had frocks and hats for the child sent from the shop, and a Christmas tree arrived which he and Pauline placed in the dining room. They decorated it with candles, with glittering brilliant tinsel, with lavish numbers of presents, and darkened the room, for Winston was to go to Berkeley, and they were to have the distribution of gifts before he left.

It all served to bring back to him long-sleeping memories of his own childhood. For, after all, the man of science is not immune to memory's witchery, despite his microscopic analysis of the little life about him. In the minute before the candles were lighted much that even Winston had not clearly seen was revealed to him and could it so have chanced that Pauline saw his face, perhaps even she would have interpreted aright the love-light in his eyes.

Pauline brought Antoinette into the dining room to see the tree. She cooed and laughed and clapped her hands, and when Santa Claus—an old man with long white hair, wearing a red coat—entered, she was pale with excitement.

Crying, "Santa!" she turned to look for Winston.

"Where is dada?" she asked wonderingly.

Santa Claus leaped about the room giving Pauline and herself present after present which she greedily received with cries of joy, dancing for delight, but repeatedly asking, "Where is dada?" At last Santa Claus approached her with a set of doll's furniture, and she shouted, "Oh, dada!" and threw her arms around his neck. "Dada is Santa Claus. I love dada," she cried.

Winston, in the exultation over his complete forgiveness, in the joy of his absolution, cast aside his disguise, and sat on the floor playing with her until, glancing at his watch he found he had just an hour in which to dress, and catch the boat for Berkeley to keep his engagement with the Copelands. He sprang to his feet.

"Good-bye, Antoinette," he called.

But she clung to him and begged, "No, no, stay here, dada."

He knew he should not delay any longer, that he must present himself at the Copelands' this evening or never. Marcia had sweetly overlooked the discovery that he wore a wig, and gently pleaded for his presence, and he could not interpret this as other than a desire for the end of their story. But as he felt the baby's arms about his knees and looked down into her face, he realized that in this brief moment he must choose between the woman and the child.

She was tugging at his coat, and insisting: "Dada, don't go."

So he led her into the library, and holding her on his knee, wrote the following telegram:

Merry Christmas. I regret that I shall not be with you and the professor tonight. You will pardon me, for, this evening, I have discovered a new order called Antoinette. The genus is female, and the species is exotic, being a native of France.

WINSTONIUS.



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

The unfeeling train-men projected Prof. Elisha Smith

## The Recoverer of Springs

BY ROY NORTON

Author of "Whistling Sandy," etc.

Whiskers, a whirlwind of whiskers. That's what the professor looked like when he arrived.

Most of the trains had forgotten to stop at Arcadia Springs, Arizona, since the springs which made the town "went dry," so there was wild excitement over the event. The whistle gave a jocund yelp, the brakes stretched out big flat hands and caught hold, everything came to a halt, and one vestibule door opened.

From it, the unfeeling train-men projected, comet-wise, Prof. Elisha Smith, his prodigious facial covering blowing awry and his long tailed coat fluttering. Profanity on the part of the train crew, a carpet bag of ancient Roman style, and a battered silk-hat of the Paleozoic age, followed him.

The vestibule door slammed shut, the train crawled off into the east, and Prof. Elisha Smith gathered himself and his belongings together.

"Well," he remarked cheerfully, "I got this far anyhow."

"That's the first time the train has stopped in six months and all for this," drawled a dolefully monotonous voice behind him. Then addressing the Professor, as if he were a freak from an archaeological institute the speaker, continued, "And they stopped the train merely to put this batch of shags off."

One of Prof. Smith's eyes gazed steadily into space, while the other, after many vague whirlings, aimed itself at a melancholy man seated on a long, unused baggage truck. The seated one looked as if he might be an undertaker who occasionally dealt faro.

"Well, my friend," said the Professor, as he deftly straightened out a bend in his celluloid collar, "you aint the only one in the mourner's trust. This town don't look none too good to me. What's the matter of it?"

The occupant of the truck studied a crack with great earnestness for some time before replying. That he was not merely sleeping beneath his dingy som-

brero was shown by the steadiness with which he chewed tobacco in a rubbery way, elongation alternating with rotundity as his jaws opened and shut.

"Stranger," he said, "you are now at the once famous Arcadia Springs. From the uttermost confines of the globe pilgrims poured into this sacred shrine until it became the Mecca of the suffering. Beautiful croquet grounds afforded exercise and recreation for those whose systems need the invigoration of the health-giving sun, and our magnificent ping-pong table was the envy of all other so-called resorts in Arizona."

As he continued, his voice took on the tone of a speller at a sideshow and his mind reverted to past literature written by a perigrinating newspaper reporter for a week's board.

"The waters of this wonderous libation sent from Heaven, bring balm to the weary worldlings, give health to the hopeless, and restore years to the youthless. The dread fiend Rheumatism is routed and the *vermiform appendix* resumes innocuous desuetude after a few baths. Corns and bunions fall off and the tobacco habit is cured. The great white plague sees its finish and the halt and blind quit halting and blinding in these waters, for two dollars American, or three dollars Mex. per day." The voice gave place to a sigh that seemed to indicate the soles of the speaker's boots had been ripped off with it.

"There is a time, stranger, when money gathers to me like it does to an oil magnate. I absorb so much of it that I leak it. Then comes an earthquake—Bing! I own a hotel and a spring-resort without a spring. The railway agent packed his turkey to another station last week and took everything except the telegraph wires. The bank dealer hiked with his roll and lay-out two months ago, and the proprietor of the Ne Plus Ultra World's Emporium twiddled his fingers at me as he rode away on top of his stock, bound for Phoenix. There you have it."

"My brother, I sympathize with you," said the Professor, tears flowing unrestrainedly down his bearded cheeks. "Ah, it must indeed have been Providence that sent me to your aid. Providence,

sir, that makes men get there at the right time, even if they do get there seemingly late."

He put one largely veined hand to his mouth, pressed his nose close to the other's ear, and with an air of great secrecy said, "S-s-s-t! Come with me where we can talk alone."

The proprietor of the waterless springs looked at a Mexican who was sleeping the calm, deep slumber of his class on the idle scales, and then at the empty buildings of the street leading away from the station.

"Stranger," he murmured, "if I could subdivide Arcadia and sell it to insurance men and politicians in the east who want places to be alone in, I'd have Mr. Cræsus beat a Salt Lake block and John D. runnin' up an alley. There sleeps the entire floating population."

The Professor fixed the baleful glare of one eye on his new acquaintance, seized his hand with a firm grasp, and fairly dragged him twice around the station and into a deserted coal-shed. He tiptoed to an opening in the rear while Arcadia's representative gazed at him in solemn wonder.

In highly melodramatic tones, pitched low to suit the occasion, the Professor said, "Here is my secret. You see before you the world renowned Professor Doctor Elisha Smith, V. S., A. Z. Z., the great Recoverer of Springs. It is a profession with me. Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, wanted me, yea begged me on her bended knees, to go to—" The hotel man seemed on the point of interpolating a destination, but evidently thinking better of it merely cleared his throat.

"Yea, begged me," continued the Professor not heeding the break, "to go to the Sahara desert and recover springs which—um—m—well, were lost there thousands of years ago. I came west for my health, and now find before me the opportunity of benefiting my fellow man with my immense knowledge. Are you on?"

"But did you ever really recover a spring?" queried the forlorn one, exhibiting thereby both hope and skepticism.

"Ever recover one? Me, Professor Elisha Smith ever recover a spring? Millions of 'em sir; millions of 'em." He spat violently on the ground as a new

idea portrayed itself on the hairless portion of his face.

"The terrific concentration of my mind, sir, compels me to seek something to drink. I am athirst. Er—has the saloon man left, too?"

"No, he's the only business man that's still here. He sticks on account of Mirandy, my daughter."

The Professor thrust his arm through that of the landlord and together they repaired to the idle "Home of the Thirsty,"

"Oh don't mind him," came the answer. "He's in on the play."

Perhaps they were visions of more drinks that lent the sudden glow of warmth to the Professor's face.

"It takes time to think out your problem, my friend," he began. "It may take a week or so. In the meantime, if you will proffer me the hospitality of your board and bedding, I will cogitate. That is the word, sir, cogitate. Springs is caused in the first place by atmospheric



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. VIDNEY

He dragged him twice around the station.

where the proprietor, a wooden legged man, was playing "The Maiden's Prayer" on a harmonica.

When the new-comer wiped his mustaches with a sigh of satisfaction, he waved his hand in a carelessly munificent way, saying that as soon as he could get a check cashed he would pay. The dispenser, from force of old habit, toyed with a lung starter, and then gazed disheartenedly across the sand levels of the desert, a disappointed man.

"Let us go where we can be alone," said the Recoverer of Springs in a low whisper to his companion.

pressure on the earth's top. Space is nothin' but air. There is so many other earths in it, that the air gets squeezed, as it were. Hence, atmospheric pressure. The earth is like a syringe. This here atmospheric pressure is the hand that squashes the bulb. Springs are little holes in the great syringe.

"These holes runs all the time unless they get plugged up. That's it, sir. Arcadia's hole got plugged!"

He stretched his arms out to loosen the sleeves of his tightly-fitting coat and secure a firmer grasp of his subject before getting well under way. The saloon-keeper put



one hand behind his ear for a better hearing and the interested landlord paused with an air of great expectancy.

"You see, the metrophoneous phlogomy of geology teaches us that this earth is like a layer cake when the layers is some jumbled. Here is one layer at a slant of 26 degrees Farnheit and here's another at 45 degrees anthracite as it were. Along comes this here earthquake, and gets busy. It tips over some of the layers, putties up the holes in your spring, and it takes Professor Doctor Elisha Smith, V. S., A. Z. Z., commonly known as Professor Elisha Smith, the world renowned Recoverer of Springs, to get her going again. It will cost you a thousand dollars."

Longer arguments followed and the saloon-keeper and the proprietor of Arcadia became enthused. They decided to try to raise the money. In the meantime, the Recoverer of Springs was to cogitate.

And his cogitations were assisted by Mirandy.

Mirandy was a tall girl with the easy grace of the desert about her. Thirty-eight Arizona summers had lent a tinge of sorrel to her face. Her hands were forceful and she giggled. Her feet gave her an aspect of great solidity; but she was an admirer of the Professor's whiskers and hat, and the race for her affections waxed swift.

In this rivalry the saloon-keeper was handicapped, from the fact that he had neither whiskers nor hat and ambled humpingly in a sidewise gait because of the impediment in his legs.

For many days the Recoverer of Springs cogitated—cogitated as to the easiest and most diplomatic method of prying loose the thousand. At first there seemed to be nothing but easy money. Now, alas! he was in love—wildly, foolishly in love. Moonlight nights found him gazing with tender eyes across the cactus and thinking of Mirandy. His heart leaped when she giggled at him, and he lost no opportunity of being with her. To him she seemed some beauteous angel, as she sat in the backyard picking the feathers from spring chickens for their frugal repast, or currying a horse for her father to ride to the Bar-G ranch. Much time he devoted to

the exact parting of his hair at the back of his head and the fondling of his beard, and always he preserved an air of great profundity.

The saloon-keeper, distanced in the round-up of Mirandy's affections, grew pensive and surly. He whittled so much in odd times at his wooden leg that it grew thin and attenuated. The harmonica lay long untouched, although Mirandy had so often said that he "played jest swell." When the occasional cowboy appeared, he no longer presented the professional glad face. He drank his own beverages, showing thereby true desperation.

One day a perspiring deputy sheriff cantered into the town and added an ornament to the saloon wall in the shape of a reward notice for the apprehension of a certain "One-Eyed Dick Mulligan."

The placard laid much stress on the fact that Mr. Mulligan was badly wanted for horse stealing, and mentioned as a mere incident that he had, at various times in his careless career, killed nine men.

Temptation allured the saloon man as do brass suspender buttons a Piute brave. If he could have the Recoverer of Springs thrown into durance, he might win Mirandy's favor in the attendant confusion. He reasoned thusly: "If I git that old mattress pinched and he gits tied up in corral for three month a-gittin' himself identified, I win the gal. But I aint got no business without a spring and I do reckon he can sure git it runnin'. Springs—plenty dinero. No springs—I go bust. No Smith—no springs."

After many days, cupidity won over Cupid. One day, as the Recoverer dozed placidly on the porch in front of the saloon, his hat laid to one side and a large bandanna handkerchief protecting his calm peaceful face from the light, there came to the "Home of the Thirsty" a band of cowboys.

"Get on to the bearded lady," said one.

"Lady nothin'!" said another. "It's a hair mattress bein' aired."

Glad expectations oozed from the cowboys as it does from small boys waiting for a circus to open. The silk hat and

whiskers promised much gratifying entertainment. Real tenderfeet were scarce. The last one of this particular kind had been compelled to walk on all fours up and down the porch, shaking his whiskers frantically and bleating like a goat, while his audience drank and discussed his gaits.

"Sh-h-h!" came a warning hiss from the doorway, and the saloon-keeper appeared with finger on lips and a look of terror in his face. In response to his beckoning the cavalcade filed softly inside.

"Boys," he said in a solicitous whisper, "I've been waitin' for help. That old geezer out there is One-Eyed Dick Mulligan and he's let his wind-breaks grow."

With intense interest and painful silence, the cowmen read the reward notice on the wall. They gazed at the occupant of the tilted chair and listened at the sonorous snores that alternated with short gasps like the sputterings of a gasoline engine. They decided, accustomed as they were to this form of sleeping

sound, that if One-Eyed Dick's prowess in the gun line were equal to his snoring strength he must indeed be a terror. Direct assault on such a demon was out of the question, as it might come to a case of killing and the reward said plainly, "Alive."

All sorts of suggestions as to the best method were made, from merely roping him to chloroforming him. They finessed. Gunny sacks were gathered from the saloon-keeper's bunk, stitched together until they formed an immense bag, and the trap was ready. Nervous hands held it widely open as they crept cautiously out upon their prey. They threw it over and fell upon the serenely sleeping Recoverer. A football "down" would have

looked like a church "sociable" game in comparison with what followed. An ancient gladiator, enmeshed in a net, would have felt outdone by the Professor—outhowled, outsworn, and finally out-pleaded. Violent expostulations were followed by gurglings, gruntings, and growlings and more bad language. Nothing saved the burning of the sacks except the fact that they were impregnated with asbestos. The cowboys were given valuable additions to their vocabularies.

Mirandy and her father appeared, but

their wonderment and indignation subsided when the saloon-keeper explained that he had "Recognized the creature in the bag as Mulligan the minute he set eyes on him, but did n't calkylate to raise no ruction." Lord Nelson and he were in the same class, proving that wooden legs are no bar to heroism.

In but a brief time a buckboard, with the enmeshed Professor carelessly lashed upon it, bucked its way over the sands toward Tucson, while

the cowboy escort gleefully planned a bizarre expenditure of the thousand dollars reward.

The Recoverer of Springs, stiff and sore, perspiring and profane, was haled into court, where none could say whether he was or was not one Mulligan, due to be hanged for horse stealing but forgiven for various sanguinary acts. The justice of the peace disliked the responsibility of passing the death sentence without identification, although most of the spectators were as willing as Barkus.

After rapping strenuously for silence, the justice ordered that the "prisoner's face be exposed." Blank looks passed between the sheriff and his deputies.

"The court orders that his whiskers be



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

Her lover's tales of dungeons.

removed," came the thundering explanation from the justice.

Some of the more lawless citizens volunteered to pull them off, but withdrew under the fiery gaze of the Professor's one good eye.

The prisoner was not without resource. He arose and faced the court. One hand clung lovingly to the patriarchal beard, which like a door mat, covered his middle front, the other was energetically waved aloft.

"Not on yer tin type, judge," he said. "I demand counsel and stand on my rights as a American citizen. There aint no law allowing you to separate me from my hair till I'm proved guilty. Whiskers is a sacred thing, because they are private property, and the Declaration of Independence and Patrick Henry mention 'The sacred rights of property,' or somethin' like that. It's unconstitutional, irrelevant, and incompatible. I'm Mulligan with whiskers or I aint Mulligan. *E pluribus unum* says the law in Latin which same means united we are and divided be damned. The bet goes as it lays."

The burst of forensic eloquence and the one-eyed magnetism of the orator, swept all before it. The court was in a quandary and demanded time to look up Blackstone on Beards. The Professor was detained in jail. The officers took him to the calaboose, part of him dejected and the rest triumphant, and the breezes, as he went, blew joyously through his facial fringe.

"I suppose you can lead in a little hymn, can't ye?" a voice greeted him from the semi-darkness as he was thrust within the cell.

The Professor responded with many and strange oaths.

"Excuse me," came the voice when there was a break for a breathing space in the new prisoner's monologue. "I thought maybe you was a missionary. The last one with lilocks like your'n was."

As his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, the Recoverer of Springs discovered that his sole companion was a gnarled man who, seated on a nail-keg beneath a grating and clad in decided

negligee, was industriously patching the seat of a pair of trousers with a sail needle and some striped bed ticking.

"Who are you, if you aint a missionary?" continued the man.

"Professor Elisha Smith, Recoverer of Springs."

"What's the difference between a recoverer of springs and a common, onnery well-borer?"

The Professor maintained silence.

"I was a well-borer myself, before I got six months for stealing a pipe-organ," the voice continued.

The acquaintanceship thus opened under such confining circumstances, ripened into friendship. It developed a hankering for the well business in the Professor. It became a certainty in his mind, as he pondered over it, that if he could but regain liberty, induce the well-borer to move his plant to Arcadia and commence operations, he could yet get the thousand dollars and perhaps—here he sighed—Mirandy. When he chose he combined the seductiveness of a siren with the persistency of a porous plaster. The well-borer was about as resisting as an oyster. He yielded to blandishment and "came over."

One morning the horse, for whose pilfering Mulligan was mostly wanted, wandered back to its corral, some the worse for wear but by his mere presence disposing of the charge of theft.

There was no alternative but to release the star prisoner. The sheriff took it on himself to remit three months of the time against the well-borer, giving as his reason for so doing "good behavior." In reality, however, it was because county warrants were behind, the borer a prodigious eater, the officer's credit poor, and in addition, to let him go "saved a heap of trouble." So together the prisoners were liberated.

Thus it came about that on a certain day there rumbled across the sands and into Arcadia a freighter's wagon, bringing a drilling outfit, on the top of which were seated in state, the well-borer and the Recoverer of Springs. Professor Doctor Elisha Smith, V. S., A. Z. Z., had returned to his own again.



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

"Whiskers is a sacred thing."

Uncorking his eloquence he sprayed it over Mirandy and her father. They hearkened to his scornful denials of ever having "lifted" a horse, saw in him a martyr to a justice that was well known to work with bandaged eyes, and took him back to their hearts. The saloon-keeper bit his nails, and if he had ever heard the word would probably have hissed, "Foiled!" Lacking this erudition he retired to his back room where he jumped up and down in such a transport of rage that his bewhitened leg broke off and he was crippled until he could fashion another.

Securing a bit of sage brush in lieu of a willow wand, the Professor traversed the hill side on the days of his return, and when he saw himself observed would mutter strange incantations like "Eeny, meeny, miny, mo," and similar weird sayings indulged in by all true wizards.

The well-borer found the bar-room a haven of rest, and, having some small but real money, was made not unwelcome. It grieved him sore when he was compelled, by the vicissitudes of business, to set up his plant in a place selected by the

Recoverer of Springs and begin that most disgusting of all human actions—work. He thought longingly many times of his little home in the Tucson jail, but "got busy."

And while the well-borer sought the heart of the earth, the Recoverer of Springs sought the heart of Mirandy. They passed long moon-lighted evenings on a hammock constructed from two hair *riatas* crossed by barrel staves, her head gently pressed against his whiskers, while from across the waste there was wafted to them the solemn strains of "A Boy's Best Friend is his Mother," feelingly rendered on the saloon-keeper's harmonica. Mirandy's coy ear would wink forward as she listened to her hero's tales of dungeons deep and clanking chains. As a martyr, the Professor, to hear him tell it, had Martin Luther backed off the boards. So eloquent was the tale of his sufferings that Mirandy often wept. Those were the halcyon days indeed.

But even they came to cloudy weather. The well-borer's supply of money, credit, and material all came to an end together. And to add to his unrest the visible supply



of stimulant was not exhausted but merely withheld. It was unbecoming, he maintained, that a man whose business consisted in the finding of water, should be cut off from drink. He struck. As he was the whole force, the tie-up was complete and no pickets were necessary.

The Recoverer of Springs was grieved but stirred to activity. He secured a sufficient advance from the landlord to appease the well-borer and sent him to Tucson for more pipe, assuring him as he went that matters would all be straightened out ere his return.

The world-renowned Elisha was mightily perplexed. He wandered dejectedly around the great barn-like hotel and the wind flapped tunes from the tails of his coat. He soliloquized:

"There aint no water in that hole. I can't get the thousand without it and I can't get the gal. I can't run away with her, because it takes money to run even a foot race. Moses himself would have a hard job beatin' moisture outen these rocks. There aint nothin' will save me except to have some accident that 'll delay the game."

The thought of an accident gave a new trend to his plans. And the word dinned itself under his hat as the day wore on. As if in sympathy with him, nature herself assisted in his enterprise. Sultry clouds aligned themselves across the skies and the night came darkly down. Moonlight would have been a calamity.

As the night wore on the Professor tiptoed his way out of the hotel and to the well derrick. He had thoughtfully provided himself with a stick of giant powder that would certainly provide accident in plenty. It would any way necessitate the drilling of another hole. He capped his stick and dropped it.

A terrific peal of thunder drowned the noise of the explosion. The ground trembled. And to the astonishment as well as fright of the Professor, it trembled not only once, and twice, but thrice.

"The devil's shore broke loose," he ejaculated, and the hair on his head forgot its parting. An earthquake had jarred the landscape and rocked the inn on its foundations.

From an upper window the disturbed and awakened proprietor beheld in the lightning's glare a strange sight. It was the Recoverer of Springs. There he stood, clad in his underwear, his whiskers and hair blowing, while apparently dancing up and down on nothing. In reality, the Professor was merely in full retreat for the seclusion of his room.

"Great gosh all fish hooks!" murmured the landlord, as he shivered with superstitious dread and cowered beneath his sheets. "That old cuss has certainly got a strong pull somewhere, but I reckon it's in a place where water's at a premium. He's simply got sore at somethin' and is a shakin' the heart out o' things 'round here."

As the night wore on and the storm continued there was no sleep to be had in Arcadia.

The wearied landlord was called to his senses on the following morning by the ecstatic voice of Mirandy, shrieking: "Paw! Oh Paw! The spring's done started again and is runnin' stronger'n ever."

He sprang from the bed and his bare feet slapped the crying stairs as he galloped downward in mad and unceremonious haste. It was true. Either the "accident," or the earthquake had "unplugged her." The spring bubbled and gushed as of old.

When the Recoverer sauntered carelessly into the breakfast room a few minutes later, being a healthy man and fond of eating when opportunity offered, he was seized by the erstwhile dignified landlord and given a bear hug of thankfulness. He wondered inwardly what had happened and, when explanations came, blandly waved his hand, threw out his chest and said "Dead easy! Nothin' at all for me to do. If you'd only told me in time I could a made 'em hot or cold, sulphurous or magnesiumurius, just as you wished. Sorry I did n't think to ask you."

Before the well-borer's return he had received Mirandy's hand, the paternal blessing, and a thousand dollars. He was given due honor as the savior of Arcadia and installed in fat luxury as the manager of the hotel. He was taken into the



family secrets and even learned the cause of his arrest.

And thereupon the Professor was galvanized. He walked rapidly across the mesa grinding his teeth as he strode. He rushed furiously up to the bar of the "Home of the Thirsty" and his smouldering wrath reached high-water mark.

With a simple gesture, made easy by long experience in past brawls, he extracted his glass eye and laid it on the bar where it glared unfeelingly at his former rival, the saloon-keeper.

"Pal, I'm next," he said. "You're goin' to be a bird and fly unless I change my mind and load you up with so much hot lead you can't lug it. The truth is I am One-Eyed Mulligan with his whiskers grewed; the man that thing called for!"

He strode to the reward notice which had caused him so much trouble, and ripped it from the wall. As he again faced the startled dispenser he whipped a huge gun, with marvelous dexterity, from the seclusion of his coat tails and its solemn and unwinking eye glared at the man behind the bar with as great steadiness as did the eye of glass, and with a deadly menace.

The barkeeper capitulated with many pleadings, packed his harmonica, drank the last of his stock, locked the door, and departed, never more to grace Arcadia with his music or his presence. And as he went the Recoverer of Springs muttered: "It's him to hustle and me to the green old age, and thus does virtue pay its own bets."



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

"I am One-Eyed Mulligan with his whiskers grewed."



DRAWN BY MAGNOL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

"Polly Ann, if I tell you a great secret will you never, never tell?"

# Hannah Maria's Debut

BY ETHEL K. BETTS

Hannah Maria, kicking her fat little feet against the stoop, was insensible to smiling skies, and black-and-white butterflies poising on blooming syringas: insensible too, apparently, to the tempting smell of her mother's frying doughnuts. Perhaps this latter indifference was reluctantly assumed, for experience had taught her that to show herself to her mother upon her return from school was sure to result in a long afternoon's task. The thoughts behind her serious face today were on something bigger and better than tending the baby and overcasting sheets. For she had discovered, two weeks before, when she had stolen away to Sarah Ellen Prescott's birthday "company," that a party was the biggest raisin in the bread pudding of life. Now she was contriving for the same joy for herself on Saturday, when she would be nine years old. The complication which puckered her forehead was that her mother, Susan Ames, was a Presbyterian of that inflexible, pleasure-hating order which flourished in the first part of the last century. As for Hannah Maria, she was a free-thinker and a potential Sybarite. Moreover, she had determined upon the party.

A little later, her campaign was mapped out, and she was standing upon the kitchen door-step, her round eyes innocently overlooking the doughnuts, heaped up in the colander.

"Is there anything I can do for you, ma?"

The nature of the inquiry, and the honeyed accents in which it was conveyed, made Mrs. Ames look up somewhat suspiciously at her eldest daughter, only to be shamed by the sincerity in the little up-turned Madonna face. It was very difficult to believe anything evil of Hannah Maria when she looked up with her mouth sweetly serious and her dark eyes soft and deep.

Mrs. Ames selected the largest doughnut and gave it to the child saying, in her quick, snappy way:

"When you 're through with that, I guess I can find something."

Hannah Maria nibbled at the doughnut as daintily and deliberately as diplomacy permitted. After five delicious minutes, she asked again:

"What shall I do, ma?"

Her mother found a white skirt for her to hem. It was very stupid there on the stoop, sewing, when she could hear the boys shout as they tried to spear bullfrogs in the fish-pond. Matters brightened when Polly Ann, the next eldest in the numerous Ames family, bounced into view, dropped heavily on the steps with a sigh and a "My, I'm hot." As she was only seven-and-a-half, and did not consider life at all seriously, Hannah Maria seldom took her into her confidence. Today she was on the point of telling her all about the party, but remembered, in time to lock her lips, how Polly Ann had advertised at home the way she once rode up to the school house, on the back of Betty, the brown heifer. So Polly Ann rattled away without interruption till her mother's sharp ears heard her, and Solomon Egbert, the baby, was given into her arms. Hannah Maria relented.

"Polly Ann, if I tell you a great secret, will you never, never tell?"

"Never," repeated the other, solemnly shaking her head.

"Hope to die if you tell a lie?" insisted Hannah Maria, impressively.

The words were repeated in a still more impressive whisper.

"Then, cross your heart."

Polly Ann's fingers made a big slash over her waist.

Hannah Maria paused a full moment for effect, before she said:

"I'm going to have a party Saturday afternoon."

Polly Ann nearly dropped the placid baby as she screamed: "A party?"

"Yes, it's my birthday, and I'm going to have a party, like Sarah Ellen's."

"But ma won't ever let you," interposed the suddenly practical sister.



DRAWN BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

The little offender wilted on the floor.

"Well, maybe she will let me, and if she won't," a hard unsaint-like line appeared about her baby mouth, "I'm going to have it anyway. There now!" She sewed on defiantly, while Polly Ann sat in silent envy. It was the fashion to respect everything Hannah Maria did.

"Gracious me," sighed the hero-worshiper, and then, a little later, "What 'll you do if ma catches them here?"

"She can't do anything as long as they're here, silly, and I don't care what she does afterwards. Do you? Because if you're going to be a baby, you'd better back out now." To Polly Ann's assurances of bravery, Hannah Maria remarked: "I'm hoping that she'll give us cake. They had lovely things to eat at Sarah Ellen's. Do you suppose," this a little anxiously, "they always eat at parties?" Polly Ann was sure they did n't.

Meanwhile, Solomon Egbert looked on and cooed enthusiastically. Polly Ann hugged him for sheer happiness, while

Hannah Maria looked on with a superior air. She was tired of babies.

"Now, Polly Ann," she cautioned, "if you breathe a single word about my party, I'll—I'll wash your ears every morning, sure. You'll have to help me get Darius and Hezekiah and Daniel and Solomon Egbert out of the way, because they can't come."

At half-past five, Hannah Maria, stepping on the hem of the long petticoat in her hands, stood on the threshold of the down-stairs bed-room, her heart beating with hope. How pretty the little mother looked sitting by the low window, the afternoon sunshine falling over the big Bible in her lap, and lighting the tender little curls that always escaped her prim little cap! The child knew she would find her here resting, knew, too, that her voice would be soft and her hand gentle at this magic time. Yet even when her mother praised her work, and let her hand rest lovingly, for one heretical second, on



DRAWN BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

"Hannah Maria Alantha Ames, what does this mean?"

her smooth hair, she had hardly the courage to put the almost impossible question. After several twitchings, standing first on one foot and then the other, she said in an undertone:

"Please, ma, can I have a party?"

At the wicked word, the mother straightened. In a stern voice she said:

"Child, what ever put that sinful notion into your head?"

"It aint sinful, and Saturday's my birthday. You have sociables in the parlor lots and lots of times."

Mrs. Ames' black eyes snapped, and in her most-to-be-dreaded tone she said, taking hold of her shoulder as if to shake her, and then dropping her hand suddenly:

"Don't let me ever hear you talk back to me again. If you had n't been such a good girl all the afternoon, I should punish you very severely. As it is, we will say no more about it. Set the table for supper."

Hannah Maria, angry and sore, slammed the door as she went out, and

banged the supper dishes dangerously. By supper time she had become very calm and preoccupied, excepting when Polly Ann started to say anything. So far away was she that she did not see Darius eating the frosting off her cake, nor notice when she ate her most-hated dish, picked-up codfish. All in all, she seemed so saint-like that her father wondered if she were long for this earth.

The next day she went to school with a feeling of great importance. Sarah Ellen, who was only eight, and a devoted follower, noticed the difference at once.

"What has happened, Han?" she asked before school. "You look as grown-up as if you were going to have a funeral at your house. Goodness, if you aint fixed your hair different! It looks like Susie's in front," she added, whirling her around critically. Even Sarah Ellen could not say the stiff little braid in back looked like Susan Adelaide's long, yellow curls.

Hannah Maria was so flattered at this



that she gave Sarah Ellen a great bear hug. She had intended to wait till recess to tell the news, but her best friend was too irresistible. Taking her off under the elm tree in the corner of the yard, she said:

"I want you to come to my party tomorrow, at three o'clock. It's my birthday, you know." Sarah Ellen took the news as she was expected to do, dancing up and down in excitement, while her very nose wiggled in delight. Just then Susie came by. Hannah Maria was so happy that she forgot to feel jealous of the little rose-bud mouth, the starry blue eyes, the record she always held in the class, but, more than all, the ruffles on her dress and the hair ribbons that the Episcopal church countenanced. For the first time in her life, Hannah Maria felt as if she were meeting Susan Adelaide on an equal footing.

"I'm going to have a birthday party tomorrow, and I should be very pleased to have you come, Susie," she said primly, as she had heard her mother inviting the minister's wife to tea. Just as primly, Susie said she should be pleased to come, if her mother would let her, and then, finding the ensuing silence awkward, she walked away to offer her daily, and somewhat wilted, floral offering to her teacher.

One by one, the other little girls were made happy by being called over by Hannah Maria and her inseparable Sarah Ellen. To be summoned by Hannah Maria was something to be proud of for the rest of the day: to be asked to her party was something to dream about, for she was the the beloved leader of every school prank. Everyone but Sarah Ellen and Mary Jane Hopkins, the washerwoman's daughter, were a little afraid of her. Hannah Maria hesitated a while before she asked "Mar'-Jane," but her social career was too short to have changed her into a snob. To be sure, she was not cordial in her invitation, for she was noticing, for the first time, the overlapping freckles on the jolly little round face, and the crinkly hair, "so untidy," as Mrs. Ames said.

She patted her own complacently, while Mary Jane replied with most winning delight, that she would love to come, and that Hannah Maria was the very nicest girl in all the world.

All the next morning, which was the eventful Saturday, the two sisters held whispered conferences, their faces mysterious. Polly Ann seemed to have a burning furnace within her, which was producing a new kind of perpetual motion in her legs and arms. Hannah Maria's excitement took rather a different form, for she was so polite to her mother, and so eager to run errands, that Mrs. Ames allowed herself some unorthodox pride, and caught herself almost wishing it were not wrong to celebrate birthdays.

It was about half-past two, when Hannah Maria, who had just been down to the corner bakery after a pitcher of yeast, told her mother that Mrs. Bennett, their neighbor, was sick, which was true, and that she wanted her to come in to see her, which may have been true, but was certainly unauthorized. Mrs. Ames, full of sympathy, fell into the trap and went over immediately, as Hannah Maria knew she would. With the mother disposed of, and the boys on a picnic which Hannah Maria, with most remarkable sisterly thoughtfulness, had arranged for them, all was ready. As the little schemers were dressing, fastening their best pantalettes about their ankles, and buttoning stiff little white waists for each other, the pressure was something fearful. Hannah Maria could n't make her hair like Susan Adelaide's the least bit, and Polly Ann's pantalettes were mussed in less than five minutes. With a little regret, Hannah Maria could not help thinking how nice it would be if their mother were only helping them.

The children stole down into the big, forbidden best room, and waited in uncomfortable silence. Polly Ann, who kept her nose glued to the window, was the first to spy Mary Jane Hopkins coming along the dusty road alone, her best dress bristling with cleanliness, her bonnet in her hand. As Hannah Maria welcomed her, she discovered that the visitor had a package in her hand. Could it be a real birthday present? She had never had one, but Sarah Ellen had. Then Mary Jane handed it to her, telling her proudly it was just a little present. While she was taking from its wrapping a brilliant green bottle of perfumery, and getting heavily

spanked at the same time, another girl came, and then another. Each time, as she made the speech of welcome she had been drilled in by the more experienced Sarah Ellen, she glanced at their always-empty hands. Then she looked carefully and longingly at their dresses, which, simple as they always were, were in each case more elaborate than Polly Ann's and her own.

When once in the parlor, they perched themselves on the chairs, and talked in thin tones, until Mary Jane, seeing possibilities in the wide floor spaces, began to turn somersaults, her specialty. At first the hostess was inclined to be vexed that the daughter of a woman who took in washing should be the only one to feel the dignity of the occasion so little, but she soon forgot her scruples so much that she was turning even better ones, when in walked Susan Adelaide! In complete chagrin Hannah Maria ushered her into the back room to take her bonnet off, staring all the time at her pink, flower-like frock, with its dozens of tiny ruffles and real silk ribbons. Then she saw that Susie, too, had brought a present. The child presented it shyly, saying, in her lisping way:

"You're having a lovely time in there, aren't you? I wish I could turn thomerthaulth." At this revelation of character, Hannah Maria felt an actual superiority and condescendingly said:

"It's real easy, Susie, anybody can do it. I'll show you how."

"I'd be afraid," said Susie, shrinking back.

In the parlor the fun went on, till it grew so boisterous that the shouts reached the next house, where Mrs. Ames was discussing poultices and catnip tea. Hastily excusing herself, she came through the dining room and swooped into the desecrated parlor. Hannah Maria, with a presentment of evil, stopped after a dazzling turn through the air, that showed the full glory of her Sunday gaiters and pantalettes, and then, like an ordinary little girl, cowered before the slight figure. She felt that she had somehow miscalculated.

"Hannah Maria Alantha Ames, what does this mean?" said Mrs. Ames, in a voice so shrill and stern that the fat little

offender then and there wilted on the floor. The bewildered, horrified eyes of twenty little girls seemed burning through her, and the pillars of her palace seemed to crush her as they fell. With no courage to answer, she looked up at that unmerciful mother, and twisted her dress. Her mother took a step nearer, so that Hannah Maria trembled all the more. She had never seen her mother so angry before. Anything might happen now.

"Hannah Maria Ames, tell me this instant the meaning of all this."

A little voice, low and quivering, said:

"Please ma'am, it's a church sociable."

Was it possible a glimmer of a smile sat on the woman's features? In a voice that belied that possibility she said:

"Well, it will be a new kind of a church sociable. You little girls can get your bonnets on and be off, straight. What are you standing and looking at me for? I tell you to go away, this minute." She clapped her hands together and said that one terrible word, "Scamper." Two of the bolder ones acted on her suggestion, and darted past her into the back room, scarcely breathing till they were by her. The others followed on a run. Mrs. Ames watched them grab for their hats and make for the side door. Then she spied the two presents on the table. More miserable than ever, Hannah Maria watched her pick them up.

"What are these?" said Mrs. Ames, lifting them above her head.

"Birthday presents," whispered the most miserable little girl on earth.

"Who was silly enough to give you these?"

In the same tone, Hannah Maria spoke their names, and Mrs. Ames solemnly handed the presents back to Susie and Mary Jane, who were in the rear of the stampede for the door. When the last one had disappeared, and the room was empty of all festivity, the mother gave her erring offspring a long scolding, colored with temper and religion, and punctuated with shakings. Then they were sent to their room, the older with the admonition to learn ten, and the younger five verses from the Bible. As they climbed the stairs, Hannah Maria's head was held higher than ever, but Polly Ann was sobbing.



DRAWN BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

" Please, God, don't burn me in brimstone for more than a few years "

Once in their little garret room, Polly Ann, not quite blinded by grief to the comforts of life, made for the feather bed to cry. Hannah Maria, of different caliber, lost her pride, and rolled, a little bundle of misery, upon the floor. Surely such a cruel thing had never happened to any one before. Never again could she go on the streets with Sarah Ellen, never again lead the fun at school, never again leave the house, because she might see one of those twenty girls. Instead, she would grow up to be a sad-faced, white-haired old lady, whose life had been ruined seventy years before. So bitter were her thoughts that a long time had passed before she was aware of the cries of Polly Ann, and saw the streaks where the tears were running down her cheeks to splash upon the Bible beside her.

"Oh, you poor Polly Ann," said the culprit, putting her arm around her and sopping her face with her own handkerchief, on which no tear had fallen, "I am so sorry I got you into trouble. I'll make it all right for you, poor little sister," she went on, as she energetically wiped the little girl's nose and dried her face.

When the noisy part of the grief had worn away, they settled themselves, lying on their stomachs on the bed, and Hannah Maria began from the back of the Bible to teach Polly Ann. Over and over again she read the words about that enchanted country, the new Jerusalem. When she came to the words: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," the little sister's responses became slower and slower, fainter and fainter, till they ceased. Poor little Polly Ann, incapable of lasting grief and gnawing remorse, had fallen asleep.

Hannah Maria read on for her own punishment. With many stumblings, she deciphered: "But the fearful ('that's me') and unbelieving ('that's me') and the abominable ('that's me') and murderers and sorcerers and idolaters ('I don't know about them, but it's probably me') and liars ('Oh, that's me') shall have their parts in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." The little girl's lips trembled, and she buried her white face, with dark rings under the eyes, in her icy cold hands.

The big-voiced minister had told every Sunday since she was big enough to go to church about the lake that burned with brimstone, and ever since, when she had burned herself with the flat-iron, she knew how it must feel. And now, for the wickedness of just one afternoon, she would not only have to live in her little room till she died, but she would be punished for ever and ever.

Horribly frightened and sick with grief, she fell on her knees before the bed and prayed in a slow, broken mixture of ecclesiastical and baby words. Perhaps—just perhaps—God would be easy on her. Perhaps He'd only burn up a little piece of her and change the place once in a while. But the Devil; she was most afraid of him. She was so busy praying and thinking that she did not look up to see her big, kind father standing in the doorway. So she went stumbling on:

"Please, God, have mercy on a fearful, and an abominable, and a unbelieving and a liar little girl, and don't burn me in brimstone for more than a few years, and please God, please, don't touch Polly Ann, 'cause she's young and aint 'sponsible, and I'll never be naughty again, as long as I live, and have mercy—" she was going on, but the big man, with wet eyes, had softly tip-toed away from the door. A little later, a small woman, with a plain, tight cap was standing in his place. She heard the little voice:

"And one thing more, if you please, God, before I lay me down to sleep. Before I die that second time, please make my mother love me again,"—the voice broke,—“and let me some time,—perhaps when I'm old like her,—let me just put my arms around her neck, and have her put her arms around me,” the sobs broke loose for the first time, “and kiss me like Sarah Ellen kisses her mother.”

Another moment, and the little woman, all mother now, knelt beside her child, her arms tight around her.

It was a week later that Mrs. Ames, risking the displeasure of the minister and the entire congregation, collected all the friends of Hannah Maria and Polly Ann, and gave them a never-to-be-forgotten feast of drop cakes and ice-cream.



# By Decree of Their Guardian Angel

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "Susan Clegg," etc.

Jeovil came strolling in from the Pall Mall entrance at just about five o'clock. The Tea Room at the Carlton was quite as crowded as it always is at that hour and the music was going on—and the talk, too. Jeovil paused by the door and stood quite still, surveying the assembled company with a roving, but especially scrutinizing gaze. He was a big, heavily-built man with a face marred by dissipation and eyes that showed something might have gone right once if it had not gone wrong permanently instead.

The something that had gone wrong had gone wrong nine years previous. It had taken all the purpose out of his lordship's life and out of his walk as well. He had merely strolled since—but even strolling he was always much the observed of all observers, for he was too big to go unnoticed and too well tailored ever to be lightly forgotten after being once seen. There is something fearfully imposing about a big and well-dressed man. Jeovil was imposing.

And so, now, he had come into the Carlton for tea. Some people who knew him looked up and smiled; if he had chosen he might have joined any one of half-a-dozen little parties, but he only nodded and—after terminating his first scrutiny—began to move slowly through the middle space. One of the waiters laid his hand upon a chair-back and looked piercingly attentive, but Jeovil only shook his head. At the foot of the staircase he paused and turning, looked slowly and carefully all over the room again. Many were now directing their gaze towards him because he was so well-known and so badly talked about, but their gaze did not affect him in any noticeable degree; his big, dark, saddened eyes went from table to table all over the room once more and then he mounted the steps and began to look about him there.

There were only eight or nine small tables on the raised platform, and when his eyes had taken them all in he moved to the farther end where one of the huge

palms half hid a single guest. It was a lady seated alone, with her back carefully turned to the room; a slender, girlish figure, dressed very simply, having her elbows on the mahogany and her cheeks resting on her clasped hands. Her lashes drooped so low that her eyes were perhaps shut, perhaps full of tears, but in either case they were quickly opened and quickly raised when Jeovil, coming close beside her, said in a low voice:

"Alix!"

She started, and looked straight up into his face.

"You saw him?" he said breathlessly.

"Who?"

"Sir William Codhurst."

She pointed to the seat opposite her, dropped her face in her hands again, and made no answer. He dragged the chair up to the other side of the small mahogany-circle, sank into it, leaned far towards her and said hoarsely—imperatively,

"What did he say?"

She did not reply.

There was a perfect storm of tragedy radiating between them, for this was the factor that might have set things going right for Jeovil in by-gone years, had a promise given at a death-bed not spoilt the dream. Nine years had passed since then—nine years. Nine years is a long while for life to go on separately when two people want to share it. A long—long while.

"What did he say?" the man asked again after a minute or two of waiting. "Go on, Alix, you know you must tell me."

She put out one of her hands (they were behind one of the kindest-hearted of all the benevolently inclined Carlton palms,) and laid it on his.

"Dare," she said (it was a nick-name of his), "he told me that I had just a month—or perhaps six weeks—to live!"

Jeovil's hand closed hard over hers. Into his eyes burst fiercely the light of will and power—a light that had been stranger there through all the hopeless past.



"I'm glad of it," he said, "oh, I'm devilish glad of it—I don't care—do you?"

"Not for myself," she said, still hiding her face.

"Who for?"

"I care for you. I'm afraid things will go worse than ever for you—afterwards."

He seemed to be devouring her with his eyes; his hand pressed hers hard.

"Don't think about me; I'm going when you go."

She looked up quickly.

"Going where?"

"Going to die."

"Oh, don't say that!"

"But I am, little girl, just as sure as fate. I decided on that long ago." He drew his breath through his teeth as he spoke, and his hand closed harder than ever upon hers. She kept her eyes on his. They had never even known an uninterrupted interchange of gaze in the long period. Finally he spoke, his tone almost sharp.

"Alix, do you know, what a 'special dispensation' is?"

She shook her head.

"I'm going in my car to get one now."

"But what is it?"

"It will let us be married at once, dear; we'll be married tomorrow and leave London for the continent directly after. We'll have these five weeks together at least—won't we?"

She rose quickly at that, all trembling.

"Oh, no, no, I must n't; I must not."

I can't—you know that I can't. Please—please, pay him for the tea and—and let me go out into the air. I've been thinking so hard and now I can't think at all. Oh, Dare, I must n't think of such a thing,—you know that I must not."

When they went out everyone looked hard at them. A very few knew why. Her face was pale and his eyes were burning. At the entrance he waved his own chauffeur away and called a brougham.

"Oh, I must n't—you know that I must not," she said in a fresh access of dismay, but he put her in, got in beside her, jerked down the silken runners, and then seized her in his arms. It was nine years since he had kissed her—nine bitter years of

makeshift—and on her part nine years of pride and struggle. And she struggled again now.

"I must n't, I must not," she murmured, but the kisses conquered in the end, in that end at once so bitter and so sweet.

"Tomorrow at this time we'll be on the boat," he said, in the midst of his fury, "and then a whole month of each other—a whole month. Girl! I never looked for anything again and I'm to have a month—four weeks—twenty-eight whole days! And when the end comes, Alix, I'll hold you just like this until it's over and wherever you find yourself afterward you'll know I'll be there, too, within half an hour—oh, we sha'n't mind dying, you and I. What's dying—to the way we've had to live?"

Then he kissed her again, and long before the carriage reached the park she had ceased to murmur and was lying quiet against his shoulder. He was to have at last, his way—and his love.

They were married the next morning, privately, within the silence and gloom of a great church. It was so strange and curious; these two people who could have had half the fashion of London to crowd the pews—and there was not one friend present.

And they were so happy! The clergyman felt his eyes fill as, at his final words, he saw the man stoop and fold to his breast the fragile, pale, sad-faced girl, who was covering her eyes with her handkerchief.

"We're very grateful to you," said Jeovil, pressing some golden sovereigns into his hand—"for you, or your poor, or anyway you please, don't you know. And—and pray for us, please, don't you know."

"I shall pray for you," said the old man, "God bless you both."

Then they went out to the carriage and drove straight to Charing Cross Station, sitting hand-in-hand and not daring to look at each other in the difficulty of retaining appearances.

"Only fancy," he said once, "there's a Lady Jeovil now for the first time in thirty-three years—you know my mother died when I was born?"

"Yes," Alix answered gently, "it often has seemed to me that people might have forgiven you some things, remembering that."

"By George," he exclaimed, "I don't mind anything—not anything. It's worth nine years—just this one day—just the seeing you there, just it all—" He was very nearly beside himself before they reached the station, so mad a bridegroom was never seen before. And the bride, with her pallor, overshot with a wonderful joyous rose, she in her way was also quite as far out of the ordinary life.

"We never expected to be happy, you and I," she said over and over again, and when the train began to move, she crept up into the angle of his breast and arm and shoulder and sobbed like a child, saying, "Oh, to think of it!—oh, to think of it!"

Behind them, safe in the London post lay the missives announcing the runaway match, but they would be well out on the channel before anyone received the news.

Out on the channel, standing side by side at the rail, with the breezes of three nations blowing fair in their faces, both thought together how the dear green of old England was fading forever for them in that hour, and neither cared.

The only true measure for happiness is pain. A honeymoon that has looked hopeless for nine years is worth the waiting—if it come at last.

"By the way," Jeovil said, after a few minutes, "I took the cabin there, if you want it. Do you want it?"

She looked up at him.

"I'll stand by you," she said smiling, "now and to the end."

It was a short passage and they stood by the rail all the way over; then in the train on the other side he took her in his arms and held her while she slept after the day's fatigue and excitement. It was wonderful to hold her thus, and looking downward, the man felt all the wildness of his youth pacified and purified by that pale, sweet trust lying upon his heart.

"I should have been a decent fellow, if I had had her," he thought, and then in the sudden new ecstasy of thinking that he had really gotten her now he pressed

her so closely in his arms that she woke with a little cry.

"Alix," he said, "I can't realize it at all. If I had guessed how much I could love you I would have carried you off—kidnaped you, you know—years and years ago. The first week, that we knew each other, in fact."

She put her hand upon his cheek. "Perhaps we needed the nine years," she said, ever so softly. "Perhaps we would not have been happy then—we'll be happy now."

"Yes, we'll be happy," he declared. "Tomorrow afternoon I'll have an answer to my telegram for a country-place and we'll go straight down there and stay all alone by ourselves until—until—" he stopped—stammering at his own thoughtlessness.

"Never mind, Dare," she murmured, "it's so much more than we ever hoped."

"Oh, I'm not complaining," he answered, almost gaily, "but don't try to talk—let me kiss you."

Six weeks later Lord and Lady Jeovil stood together one afternoon upon the terrace of Les Ombres, a charming villa of St. Symphorien. It was very nearly half-past five and their solitude was to be invaded for the first time; my lady's face was troubled and her fingers played nervously upon the marble balustrade.

"You ought not to have done it, Dare," she said, "it will cost so much, much money. And it can't change things for me. I sha'n't live an hour longer for having the stethoscope used again, and think of the good that we might have done with what Sir William will charge for coming here! You were so foolish, you are always so foolish; you are the most foolish man I ever have dreamed of." Then she stood on tiptoe, drew his dark head down to her own level and kissed his eyes and lips.

Jeovil held her off and looked at her fondly.

"But I'll give the same sum in charity, my dear little girl—I'll give it twice over if you like—only I want to know if perhaps we can't have a fortnight more—a week more—in peace. You see, I was in at Sir William's that afternoon that you went—"

She started violently and looked at him affrightedly.

"Oh, you have n't heart-trouble, too—have you?" she cried.

He shook his head smiling.

"No—but it would n't matter if I had, as things are, would it? As a matter of fact, I only went in because Sir William is a distant relative of my mother and has always been mighty good to me ever since I was a little chap—boxing days and all that, you know. So I look in on him once in a month or so, and that day we fell to talking, and all of a sudden something that he said made me ask him about you. He spoke to me about you then—I guess everyone knows the story, don't you know—and about my mother and about my life. And I acted like a fool. Would you believe that in the end I had to go into one of his private rooms and wash my face for half an hour like a youngster that's been spanked rather too hard? And after I could go, the notion that you were there hearing hard things, too, maybe, held me there and I sat still—sat and thought a long time, and after a while Sir William sent in for me. He told me you had gone to the Carlton and needed me—me more than anyone—and I suppose I looked a bit knocked out, for he put his hand on my arm and shook it and then he said:

"Well—" he stopped.

"He said what?"

"He told me to marry you; he told me that I could turn to him to help put it through. And he said that for my mother's sake he—" He stopped again, then continued after a few seconds, "So I sent for him yesterday, it seemed to me that we needed him."

She leaned against him with her eyes half-shut.

"But I did n't mind not knowing about how long it will last, Dare," she said faintly, "and I dread—the certainty. We can't hope even from day to day, you know, after we know more surely."

He kissed her reassuringly. "We're together anywhere, dear," he said, "it's so much better—so far beyond the Nine Years, don't you know?"

She smiled.

It was very curious when, an hour later, they really sat at table with a third person, and a third person who was so closely interwoven in both of their lives, past and present. Sir William was a very grave, quiet, kind old gentleman, and one whose heart had never been hardened by other people's woes.

"The marriage has been a success, I take it," he said, when they were left alone with the coffee and *liqueurs*. Jeovil smiled; his wife nodded with tears in her eyes. Then she arose quickly and went around to her husband and knelt beside him.

"I did n't want you sent for," she said, looking straight at the guest. "I feel so well; we are so happy; I did n't want to have a limit set."

"Is there a limit set?" asked Sir William.

Alix looked straight at him.

"Six weeks at the outside," she answered smiling bravely; "Saturday it will be seven."

"I wonder," the famous specialist said slowly, "I wonder, if I gave you three months, if Dare could be trusted to continue being a model husband?"

Jeovil simply stared. He did n't comprehend.

His elderly friend smiled.

"Guardian angels take on many forms," he said. "Perhaps Heaven has allowed me to appear as one."

Lord Jeovil sprang up, his eyes staring:

"Sir William—do you—do you mean that—that Alix can live? Oh—you—you don't mean that."

The old man stretched forth his hand.

"Dare," he said, "you know why she had to promise not to marry you? I know, too. In the world's eyes you proved her mother right. In my eyes her mother condemned her more than she saved her. She has suffered to the limit for you; she will live now unless you choose to kill her. Remember."

Jeovil stooped and swept his wife from her feet up into his arms.

"Alix," he cried, "you'll live to be a hundred!"



DRAWN BY J. W. NORTON

Huddled over the saddle horn.

## When Christmas Was Held Up

BY HUGH PENDEXTER

Author of "Some Modern Gladiators," etc.

The snow could not blow too furiously for Jem Peace on this night; and as he reined in his tired horse at the edge of the last dip, and caught an occasional twinkle of lights ahead he shivered with satisfaction, and each blast, clawing at his back, was a friendly slap, and the powdered flakes blown through his beard brought no sense of discomfiture. Nor did he welcome the storm solely because he was at the tag end of his journey and could reasonably look forward to a snug shelter, embellished with many creature comforts. Rather, the zest of the thing came with the realization that any one ploughing along his trail would be compelled to delay a bit, with scant cheer for companionship. Jem was gregarious enough to appreciate that a blizzard between friends,

just as Christmas was about to radiate good will, was not at all desirable. On the other hand, however, he frankly admitted a zero, snow-laden gale whipping between Beaver Ford and the gaunt-faced men, cooped up back there in the gathering gloom, was replete only with wholesomeness, and he clucked complacently to his staggering cayuse and experienced naught save a deep sense of gratitude as the animal slipped and slid down the decline.

Had the storm been less potent and the darkness not so thick, Jem would have been revealed as a man considerably past the prime of life; one, whose ill-kempt beard required no snow to whiten it. His eyes, too, might have impressed the average student of human nature as shift-

ing furtively beneath their shaggy thatch and holding in their cold gray depths a dying sparkle of shrewd alertness. But just now his physical presentment was concealed and he was but another black atom scuttling to shelter on the edge of Christmas, and the malevolent grin that parted his blue lips as he turned and gazed back into the face of the blizzard was lost two inches from those lips in the swirl of howling white that, he perceived, had swept across and covered all his tracks.

It was this complete obliteration of every trace of his entrance to the Ford that caused him to huddle so contentedly over the saddle horn and without complaint sink his chin into the snow lined nest of his collar as the horse, under loose rein, stumbled slowly on toward lights and warmth.

Truth was, Jem Peace seldom found time to smile at the curiosity usually evinced whenever he rode abroad. Truth was, there were too many ill-natured individuals always ready to display an unamiable interest in his trail, to watch his comings and goings; and this system of espionage had come to be a bit disquieting as the passing years saw no cessation.

Possibly rumor's malicious tongue in connecting the name of Peace with scenes not at all synchronous was largely to blame. For from youth up he had been the focal point of much ill-advised activity, until now he was openly charged with being a "rustler" and the promoter of many a wild raid. There may have been occasions, when the sport was young and his blood flowed less sluggishly, when he recked but little of the future, but as the white threads in his beard multiplied and the men behind—always the men behind—showed no signs of failing strength, the old always giving way to the young, he found himself growing tired of the chase and gladly would rest in peace and quiet for a space. Now, with the black night's biting blasts bringing their surcease, was his opportunity. Come what might, he was assured of at least a few days' reprieve.

"Christmas!" he ejaculated within his collar, hungrily, "Christmas day arter termorrer, an' I'll spend it like a innercent kid." Then, spitting out a mouthful

of snow, "No; I'll git drunk," he decided.

At the moment of this resolve the blizzard, in one last effort to conquer, blew him and his steed into the straggling and deserted street of the Ford.

Even to his wind-swept eyes, the black stretch between the houses, cut irregularly by streaks of white from the frost-etched windows, appeared lonesome and God-forsaken. It required but one hand-veiled glance to disclose that the fury-ridden snow had driven all in doors before sweeping on to bury the Union Pacific tracks many feet deep.

Now that he had arrived Peace knew not where to turn, and was glad to seek the meager shelter of the nearest house while he cleared the ice from his eyes and mouth. Somewhere there must be a place of public entertainment, but the exhausted condition of his horse prohibited a lengthy reconnoiter. It was to obviate further delay that he slid from the saddle and stiffly dragged himself around the corner to rap loudly on the door.

As the wind lulled momentarily, he caught the sound of young voices within, and as the door opened a crack he had a glimpse of childish faces. Then a woman's dejected figure jealously filled the aperture and her complaining query rubbed his benumbed faculties into life.

"I want ter find a place where me an' my hoss can put up," he whined. "I'm a old man an' almost friz. Can't I step in an' squat long enough t' git th' ice out of my blood? Then I'll move on."

She scanned him narrowly and on finding his beard white and his form bowed, threw open the door.

"Come in. I live here alone with my two children. Folks have to be careful. Lawd! I s'pose some day this part of Wyomin' will be as civilized as th' east, but it aint that now."

"I reckon, ma'am, th' world is growin' better, all right," he encouraged, as he shook off a shower of snow and eagerly drew up to the fire. "I've rid far an' am jest about friz. Hello, younkers, think I was Sankey Claws?"

The little girl shook her brown locks dubiously and studied him with questioning eyes. Despite her tender years something told her it would be impolite to



remind the new comer that St. Nicholas was more portly of girth. But her brother, less reserved, gravely declared, "You 're too thin for Santy."

Jem turned his eyes—a twinkle of amusement in them—on the mother and cackled dryly. "What might their names be?" he asked, relishing the blaze and not at all inclined to hurry his departure.

"Mary and Robert Fargel," she replied, listlessly.

"Good names; mighty good names. 'Th' boy, mebbe, is named after his father?" he suggested.

The woman sighed and inclined her head.

"Named after him," she repeated dully.

"Fargel," mused Jem thoughtfully, facing the fire to conceal the new light of interest that had flared up in his eyes. "Seems if I remember a Bob Fargel down south of here. Seems, almost, as if I use t' know him."

The woman's brows contracted as if with pain. She averted her gaze and remained silent; but the little girl spoke up, and said, "Daddy's dead. Mama says that's why Santy Claus won't come to us."

Jem pursed his lips and studied his lean hands critically for a moment, and then rose, stretching. As he reached the door and the widow followed to drop the bar he wheeled and whispered, "I use' t' know a Bob Fargel. Mighty likely chap. Black eyes an' hair, an' a scar on his lip."

"It was my Bob." Her voice trembled. "He was my husband. Oh, why did he have to git in with such company!"

"It's too bad," muttered Jem soberly. "Sorry I dropped in t' remind ye of it when it's so near t' Christmas. Thought a heap of Bob, I did."

"You knew him before he went—wrong?" she asked timidly.

"Ya-as, jest about," he faltered. "Never knew him when he wa'n't square an' white. Guess his heart never went wrong. Must 'a' been those wild cusses he got in with; mebbe somebody older 'n him, that led him on. Well, good night. Much obliged fer th' fire. I'll look ye an' th' youngers up agin 'fore I quit here; that is, if ve ain't a-mindin.'"

On the morrow Beaver Ford, for the greater part, remained indoors. The storm had abated its fury somewhat although the snow still fell. Jem's landlord declared it would be two days at the least before a train could get through on account of the drifts.

"An' anybody ketched outside 'll prob'ly be held up as long, eh?" inquired Jem, as he combed out his beard before the small, wavy, office mirror.

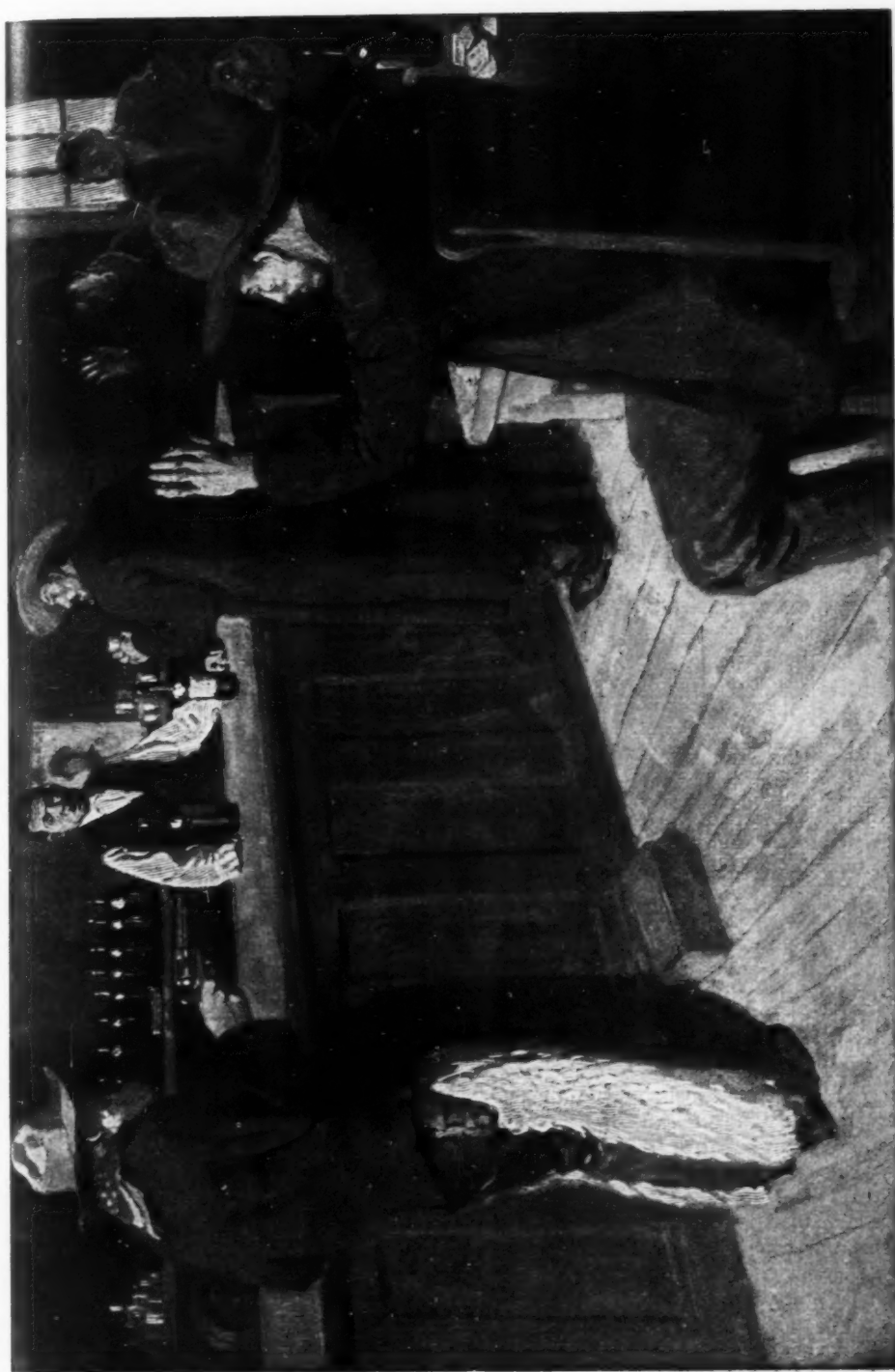
"Sure, yes," growled the boniface; "it 'll be days before anything is stirring in the county outside the railroad. We 're in for a quiet Christmas, all right." And he drummed moodily on the frost-carved window panes as visions of visiting ranchmen, spending their money lavishly, crumbled into ashes.

His discomfiture did not seem to enlist the old man's sympathies over much, however, and he chuckled inwardly, as if nothing appealed more strongly to his peace-loving mind than a quiet Yuletide. Then, as a new thought clipped his mind, he straightened and asked, "Any place 'round here where a man kin buy a few Christmas things, some kind of trinkets that 'u'd please a kid?"

"Nope," growled his host, still scowling at the drifts as if the very intensity of his gaze might melt them. "Jackson keeps the only shebang an' he sold all out yesterday. Said he was going to order a few more things and have 'em sent over from Danville. But no train c'n git in until a day after tomorrow. I reckon it's all off."

No one would have attributed any sentiment to the old man as he ploughed his way toward the widow's home. In fact, had his mutterings been overheard they might have created the impression that he was indulging in unlimited profanity. And yet, through all his cogitations there ran an unaccustomed strain.

"No presents, no nothin'," he snarled, this situation seeming entirely to overtop the possibility of a square-jawed sheriff being able to fight his way to town with a *posse* at his heels. "An' Bob Fargel's kids at that. Poor ol' Bob! Nothin' more 'n a kid himself, an' fool enough t' leave them youngers an' mix in with rustlers. Well, they told him where he could git off, all right. If his stirrup had



DRAWN BY J. W. MERTON

"I kind o' had a notion Chris'mas wa'n't due till the twenty-sixth, this year."

held together we'd 'a'yanked him clear an' free. No presents! A nice, rotten sort o' Christmas!"

Any further soliloquy was precluded by the opening of the door. "I'm glad you remembered to call," said the widow. "I've been hankering to talk with somebody that knowed Bob."

"Bob was as good a man as ever sawed a bit," Jem declared earnestly, as he accepted the chair. "Why, he did n't go wrong. Jest got too much red lick on board an' rode out with th' wrong crowd. That's all. Why, it wa'n't any more 'n I'd be likely t' do if I got lit up a mite. His heart was all right, I tell ye. Yes, sirree! Square as a brick an' never went back on a pal—Bob Fargel."

"I reckon he was always true to his friends," the woman's eyes lighted at the old man's words. "But it's hard on the children. They're twins, you see. I wash to support us, but folks aint as helpful as they would be if they did n't believe Bob rode with Bill Peter's gang."

"Never rode a rod with 'em," lied Jem energetically. "Peters did n't have no use fer a man as square as Bob. Not a bit."

Then finding that the conversation was wearying to his old head he turned to the children, absorbed in a game in a corner of the room, and asked; "What be ye doin', younkers?"

"Playin' Christmas," the little girl replied eagerly. "I play I can't have any Christmas, then Robbie plays he's Santy, an' comes in an' says I can, an' tells me, oh th' mostest things I can have."

"Huh!" sniffed Jem. "S'posin' ye let me play a trifle. Now, I'n Sankey. What 'll ye have, little gal? A gun? A reg'lar self-actin', six-shootin' dandy? Or mebbe ye'd kind of lean towards a new saddle, with stirrup leathers wild hosses could n't break."

"I'd like a doll," she whispered timidly, hardly able to believe it was only play when the stranger had such a white beard.

"A doll, eh? Hm! Now, young feller, what might you be a-wantin'?"

"A-a train o' cars," gasped the boy, his fingers working nervously.

"Mebbe, you'd better quit," the woman put in quietly. "It makes it so real fer 'em they'll feel all the worse tomorrow."

"I guess yer right," admitted Jem glumly. Then his eyes snapped and he rose with quick decision. "I forgot somethin'," he explained. "Like 's not I'll look in later. But what 'd ye say they'll feel worse termorrer fer?"

"It's Christmas Day," she reminded him wearily.

"What! Ho! ho! Termorrer? Christmas? Say, kids, did ye hear yer ma? Why, bless all yer hearts! Termorrer aint Christmas. Sankey Claws don't come till th' day arter termorrer. No, sirree! But it's a mighty good joke on yer ma."

"Tomorrow's the twenty-fifth," the widow protested.

"An' the minister's goin' to have a Christmas tree at his house tomorrow night," Mary confirmed.

"No; ye're all mistook," declared Jem, grimly. "This year Christmas don't come till th' twenty-sixth. Don't know why they changed it, but they did. Ye'll find th' minister won't do no celebratin' termorrer."

The widow could only gaze after him in incredulous amazement, but his words seemed somehow to gladden the hearts of the children, and she did not gainsay them. For the little ones, while anticipating no pleasures for themselves, found some solace in believing their neighbors' joy was postponed even for a day. So long as Santa's unjust discrimination was not crystallized into a hateful fact, their small minds could bear the evil more stoutly.

Meanwhile, Jem was stamping the snow from his legs in Jackson's general store and gazing vindictively at the empty table in the middle of the room, over which hung a rude placard, reading,

"Xmas Presents For Everybody."

"That sign's suthin' of a liar, I opine," he snorted, as he turned to survey the tall, sad-visaged storekeeper.

"All sold out," was the laconic response.

"Why did n't ye send fer more?"

"Was going to, but the snow stopped the trains. Could n't git 'em till the day after."

"Could ye by then?"

"Could if I'd written before the storm. No trains to carry a letter now."

"Ye could telegraph."

"Eats up the profits."

"Blow th' profits. Here, what kind of truck can ye git if ye telegraph? Reel off a list an' I'll have ye send th' order fer me. Oh, don't hunch up; I'm heeled," and a roll of money was permitted to peep from a hidden pocket.

The storekeeper's rigidity quickly relaxed and he proceeded to specify what might be secured in the Danville marts.

"All right," cried Jem, buoyed up by a new enthusiasm; "jest ye send fer them things I've put my brand on, an' tell 'em ter rush 'em by th' first train out. They've got ter be here day arter termorrer, or somebody's goin' ter sup on sorrer. Here's the wad."

While the storekeeper was hurrying his long legs to the little railroad station, Jem set about a more delicate task. This was interviewing the town's only cleric. He found him gravely explaining Christmas to a circle of flaxened-haired children while his wife busily strung popcorn for the tree, at the moment leaning against the house just outside the back door.

"Jest a word in private," explained Jem, as he drew the puzzled clergymen into the front room. Then, once they were alone, "Be ye any good at tellin' a lie? There, there, don't git fussy an' huffy. I'll take yer word fer it that ye aint. Now this is th' p'int. Accordin' t' a new law an' th' statoots Christmas won't be celebrated in this here town till day arter termorrer."

"Mercy on me!" gasped the cleric. "What new law is that?"

"This," grinned the old man sardonically, throwing back his coat and revealing the butt of a .44 nestling under his left arm-pit. "An' I may say it's got six decisions agin' any celebration on th' twenty-fifth."

But the minister was no coward, and assuming at once that he had a crazy man to deal with, he promptly declared his intention of summoning a town officer and having his visitor locked up.

"All right," Jem warned; "only in that case this here town 'll have a red Christmas an' Sankey won't find much but buryin's t' hold out on."

The cleric shuddered, but protested, "What do you mean, sir, by threatening violence? Just what do you mean?"

"I mean I kinder feel like holdin' up th' day fer twenty-four hours. I mean ye must n't celebrate till ye hear from me. As fer yer town gun-sharp, jest tell him he's stubbin' up ag'in' old Jem Peace."

"Jem Peace! The man they want—" stuttered the cleric and edged toward the door.

"Eggsactly. I had n't intended ter blow it, but it's jest as well. Now, listen to me, fer ye seem t' be kind of white, after all." And Jem rapidly narrated the history of Bob Fargel and the sorry plight of his family. In conclusion he added, "He was only a boy. He had no business out with rough an' tough men like Bill Peters an' me. But it's too bad his kids got t' suffer."

"I'll hold over a day, Mr.—er—Peace," decided the cleric gravely. "But the others won't, I fear."

"I hope everybody will," grinned Jem, rising. "I hope no house will be lighted up termorrer night. I only ask th' town ter wait a day. I only hope I sha'n't have ter spile any winders, or cause any mournin'."

So saying he took his departure. He had by now entered into the spirit of the adventure and his activity was redoubled when the storekeeper informed him the order had gone through and that the goods would reach the Ford on the twenty-sixth, providing no more snow should fall. But as the old man passed the different homes, and in each saw evidences of the morrow's good cheer, his mouth straightened. He realized his task was no easy one. He had no desire to canvass each home and frighten women and children; it was the men with whom he would deal.

Later, as the shadows fell and he observed black forms hurrying to the only public resort in town, he took his cue and decided that a bold, open course, such, in a way, as he had taken with the minister, was the only way to save the situation. For once he rejoiced that the name of Peace was not without weight, although none appreciated better than he the dangers just now of undue publicity.



The bar-room of the Palace Hotel was filled when he arrived, and echoed continuously with the tinkling of glasses.

"Most all th' men in town here, eh?" he inquired blandly, of his host.

"Every man-jack but the parson," was the pleased rejoinder.

"Huh! what fer?"

"Why, tomorrow is Christmas," replied the other, and a line of heads was turned from the bar to behold the man so ignorant of civilization's custom.

"Excuse me," said Jem impressively, as he carelessly threw back his coat and ran his right hand inside, "but I'm Jem Peace. I kind o' had a notion Christmas wa'n't due till th' twenty-sixth, this year."

"Old Jem Peace," muttered one, shrinking from the sharp eyes.

"Use to ride with Bill Peters," explained another to his neighbor, setting down his drink untasted.

The landlord had fallen back at the announcement and was now watching the old man's right hand nervously.

"I thought you said your name was Harris. What's the game, Mister Peace?" he finally articulated.

"Nothin' much. Only, I'm keen t' see th' right day obsarved, that's all. Any man here that has famblies 'll remember Sankey don't come till th' day arter tomorrow," he hesitated an instant then added: "I hate t' see orphans. Single men aint got so much t' live fer an' in their case 'twon't matter."

"G'wan!" cried the bartender, a new man in the neighborhood and unacquainted with nomenclature values. "What ye givin' us, old hoss? Come, drink up to a merry Christmas."

"What!" roared Jem, reaching the end of the bar with one spring, while the blue steel of the .44 tickled the bartender under the chin. "What did I hear? What was them words that allers riles me if whispered 'fore th' day itself has come?"

"Drink to a pleasant day," stuttered the bartender, his round face growing a pasty white as he leaned limply against the shelves.

"That sounds better," growled Jem, twirling his gun by the trigger guard. "Stick t' that an' ye may rise in yer perfashion. Funerals in winter time is hate-

ful an' onconvenient." Then stepping back to secure the proper perspective of the quiet, apprehensive line; "An' lemme tell ye other folks," he went on, "don't let ol' Jem Peace's eyes be hurt t'morrow by seein' any bits of green in th' winders. Don't let his ears be rasped by hearin' any Merry Christmases shouted back an' forth. Kind o' explain t' th' younkens that there's been a mistake, some'ers, an' that Sankey won't arrive till arter a train pulls in here from Danville. That's all."

He was old and bent and his beard was white. Yet his hands were quick and the price on his aged head bespoke him a man whom it were well to humor. And so thoroughly was a "bad man's" name radiate and pervade a whole community that although on leaving he turned his back, none made a hostile gesture, and but little was said after he had crossed the threshold. Besides, Beaver Ford was quiet and law abiding. From the surrounding ranges came tales of the rustlers and the doughty doings of the ranchmen; but here violence was seldom resorted to and there was none who cared to endanger life and limb simply to vindicate his views of the calendar. Perhaps the old man was crazy. But whether so or not, all believed he was eager to run amuck. As the crowd drank sullenly and whispered nervously one thought came to cheer and console. This was the realization that Jem's appearance in a town was usually but a few hours in advance of a *posse*, and the fact that he had come so far north as the Ford was evidence that something more than ordinarily pressing was the incentive.

What depth of juvenile disappointment was occasioned that night, when the shame-faced heads of families carried home the intelligence that the all important day was yet twenty-four hours distant, or what stinging observations were made by the housewives, may never be known. If Jem gave it a thought, as, fully dressed, he lay upon his cot, it was only in passing. For he had begun to sense the old thrill of danger. It had come to him before and never had it warned him falsely. Once, in the night, he crept to the window and gazed long and earnestly over the





DRAWN BY J. W. NORTON

The old man's fingers began nervously to festoon the scrubby pine.

snow, as if expecting to discern black dots moving under the white moonlight, and he breathed more freely as it became more apparent the clump of cottonwoods, miles back on the Beaver, had been tardy in disgorging his nemesis.

This mood passed, however, with the coming of the sun, and the morning found him prepared to play but one rôle—that of the sentinel. First, his eyes wandered suspiciously about the eating-room as he bolted his breakfast of ham and eggs; for he had observed the day before certain green boughs waiting to be festooned over the dining room windows. Then he passed into the bar and nodded amiably to the man polishing glasses.

"A—a fine day, sir," stammered the latter.

Instantly alert and scenting a possible

disregard of his admonition Jem wheeled and in a low voice inquired, "Not different from any other day, eh? Nothin' particular about t'day, is they?"

"Not a bit," declared the bartender tremulously. "I jest meant it was a clear, sunny sort of a day, a good day fer—fer a drink."

"Sure. Set 'em up," Jem acquiesced.

Once in the narrow street he began his task of parading the village and scanning each window narrowly. The tree still stood by the cleric's back door, but in the next house a hint of green shone through the cheap lace curtains.

"I beg pardin, ma'am," he saluted politely, as a determined-faced woman confronted him in response to his knock; "but is that a Sankey Claws tree I seen in th' winder?"

"None of yer business if it is," she sputtered angrily. "What if it is?"

"Nuthin' much; only I'll have t' ask th' man o' th' house t' step out here, jest a minnit."

"He'll come faster 'n ye 're lookin' fer," declared the woman, her eyes striking sparks. "Oh, I've heard o' yer carryin's on. I know all about ye. Bub told me last night, but now we'll see if ye c'n make good, ye little old dried-up whipper-snapper, ye!"

"Jest ask him t' kiss ye good bye," sighed Jem, running his hand inside his coat, while the left elbow jolted the gun into ready position; "an' try t' think kindly of him arter he's gone."

"Now ye 've done it," came a man's frightened voice from within. "Ye've got ol' Jem Peace after me. I hope ye 're satisfied—I'll be with ye in a minute, Mister Peace." And an instant later the door opened wide enough to allow the broad form of a coatless and hatless man to appear, holding an ax in his hands.

But at this point the woman capitulated and with a shrill shriek threw herself between them. "Don't hurt him," she screamed. "I made him do it. He did n't want to, but I shamed him into it. We'll burn th' tree but don't hurt him. Don't hurt Bub—my man!"

"I allers hate t' hurt a man what's got nerve enough t' fa : me," returned Jem slowly. "Ye need n't burn th' tree, but jest pull it back inter a quiet corner an' kindly don't hang no pop-corn, or picters on it 'til t'morrer."

The man with the ax breathed deeply his relief and the muscles of his corded arms relaxed. Moistening his lips he asked, "Won't ye come in an' have a bite with us? We's jest about t' eat our Chris—"

"What's that?" broke in Jem with stern archness.

"Jest about t' eat our breakfast," corrected the man hurriedly.

"Please do come in, Mister Peace," urged the woman.

"I've et, but I'll take a cup of coffee if ye wish it; this wind kind o' bites," accepted Jem, entering.

Yet, as he seated himself and surveyed the table, he seemed to detect something

of a holiday atmosphere, and his brows wrinkled as he mildly inquired; "Jest th' same kind of a feed ye have every mornin', I take it?"

"Not a bit different," declared the woman, hurriedly.

"Ye feed well," decided Jem, gravely. "I was fearin' ye might be kind o' celebratin' a little premachoorly. Got a kid?"

"Yes," returned the husband, his face showing relief as the child in the crib evidenced no sign of waking. "He's asleep."

"Git him some trinket with this." Jem tossed a dollar on the table. "Th' store man 'll have a few things in by t'morrer. Much obliged fer th' coffee."

Elsewhere, it pleased him to observe, no outward semblance of festivity was apparent, and after ostentatiously making several rounds he felt free to return to the Palace to follow the conversation of the loungers. This operated to lessen trade, as the men found guarding their tongues, especially when in drink, to be nervous work. As a result the barroom was sullenly deserted long before the usual hour.

For the first time that day Jem now had an opportunity to visit the widow Fargel. But he found her much perturbed over the various rumors, and as he figured disagreeably in each she gave him a cold welcome.

"It seems," she complained bitterly, "that you 're a man o' violence and evil after all. If I'd know'd that I reckon you'd 'a' found no shelter here th' other night. More 'n likely it was a man o' your stripe that got Bob to go wrong."

"Ye're mistook in th' last," he protested humbly, not offering to advance beyond the threshold. "I tried t' be a good friend t' Bob, but he'd got locoed 'fore I met him. Howsomever, I won't bother ye much more, seein' as how I'll be quittin' here 'most any time now." And he turned instinctively to cast a hunted look over his shoulder. "But seein' as how t'morrer is Christmas—"

"What foolishness be you up to now?" she demanded, pushing the children behind her. "Today is Christmas—"

"Ye're mistook," he broke in firmly; "t'morrer's th' day—th' day when peace

on earth an' good will t' men's th' proper caper. An' most likely th' day when Sheriff Buck gits clear o' his camp on th' Beaver an' comes a-snoopin' along my trail t' git fussy. But never mind that; he can't show me where I git off, durn him. This is th' p'int. If t'morrer ye should hear any noise 'round this jack-pine, what's growin' here so handy-like at th' door, jest keep th' kids from th' winder, fer it 'll mean Sankey Claws has got loose an' is gunnin' around arter stray mavericks. So long. Only allers keep this under yer bonnit—Bob Fargel was a clean-cut, straight-up, square man."

That night some of the men, emboldened by liquor, met in Dave Gruce's blacksmith shop and talked of teaching the newcomer a lasting lesson.

"How much longer, fellers," cried Mr. Gruce passionately, "are we ter let that little sawed-off lead Beaver Ford 'round b' the' nose? Here's t' good ol' Christmas," and the speaker paused to wipe away a few maudlin tears. "Here's t' good ol' Christmas, I say, clean held up for all th' blessed day, an' th' kids weepin' for their Kris Kringle. I say, fellers, how much longer—"

"Well," cut in a short, sharp voice, "I bite. How much longer is it t' be?" And the dim light from the one lamp made the muzzle of the .44 glisten like a ring.

A dead silence followed the query and the men only broke it by shuffling uneasily toward any object that promised shelter. "I bite, I say. How long is it t' be?" repeated Jem.

"How'd I know," whined Mr. Gruce. "I aint kickin'."

Bright and early next morning the welcome toot of a locomotive blew in over the drifts and the whole town knew the first train from Danville was about to butt its way into the Ford. Old Jem heard it with varied emotions. It probably meant Santa Claus for the widow and her children. It might also indicate the appearance of a *posse*. To be ready for all contingencies he saddled his horse and rode to where he could witness the arrival. No; there was no passengers, and his heart was further lightened when

he saw the storekeeper receive from the express car a huge bale.

"Hi, ye fellers!" he cried, riding down the street; "th' game's on. Make yer bets. Christmas is free t' all. Dip in, an' ante up fer th' kids. Sankey's on deck."

A quick gallop carried him almost to the station, where he met the storekeeper and relieved him of his burden. Then back again he rode like mad, for on leaving his point of vantage his old eyes had caught several dots, moving slowly, in the east, with the sun occasionally lighting upon something that glittered ominously.

"Keep that door shet," he snarled, as the widow made to peer out. Quickly the bale was ripped open and the old man's fingers, now a bit awkward, began nervously to festoon the scrubby pine with a bewildering wealth of toys and knick-knacks. Nor were the more substantial needs of the widow forgotten.

"Tell 'em," he panted, as his ears caught wild shouts up the narrow white avenue, "that Sankey's made th' raffle."

With that, his rested mount was given free rein and under spur and quirt, leaped through the drifts, making for the upper reaches of the Beaver and the friendly shelter of a patch of timber, while Sheriff Buck and his *posse*, galloping in hot pursuit, accentuated their *début* with a rattling spang! spang! of repeaters. And the widow, unheeding the frenzied shrieks of joy from the now liberated youngsters, saw with tears of thanksgiving that the old man's fresher steed was gaining rapidly.

As Jem turned for a farewell, derisive, shot, Sheriff Buck pulled up and dismounted. What had caught his wrathful gaze was only a woolly horse and a tin soldier.

"All off for this time, boys," he announced grimly. "He's been resting while we was working."

Then as he drew abreast of the improvised Christmas tree he observed, "I reckon these gee-gaws belong here, ma'am."

"Did you see our Santy Claus?" gasped Robert.

"Yes, my boy," smiled the sheriff whimsically. "An' I tried to attract his attention. Ye see, he kind o' forgot to call on me."

# Mrs. Trenwith Comes Home

BY RUPERT HUGHES

author of "Col. Crockett's Co-Operative Christmas," etc.

The old nurse met her at the door. There was a suspicion of reproof in her tone:

"At last you 're back, ma'am. The baby has been calling for you this three hours."

"For me? That's odd! Is she ill?"

"A little feverish, the doctor says."

"Nothing serious, surely."

"He's coming again this evening, ma'am."

"That's good. I'm glad you called him. My train was late or I'd have been here an hour ago; and now—tell Nichette to come up and dress me in a hurry. She has laid out my dinner gown, I hope?"

"I don't know, ma'am. But you'll see Miss Marjory first? She's been calling for you this—"

"Oh, yes, I'll run in for a moment."

The old nurse moved heavily up the stairway.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Trenwith," it was the man who had entered with her that spoke, "but I'm terribly afraid you'll be late. Old Mrs. Duys is a gorgon, you know. She makes no bones about insulting her guests if they 're not on time. And considering that—that—"

"That you asked her to invite me, it would be fatal to be late. You 're right. Run along home and get yourself dressed, and by the time you 're back, I'll be ready."

"Very well, but remember you've got to throw on your things like a fireman, or we 're lost."

He was gone. As he went, he cast a tender glance at her, and she returned it with a teasing hint of a smile. Then she caught up her skirts and ran up the stairway. At the top, there was the old nurse again.

"And the baby, ma'am? She has been calling for—"

"Good heavens, nurse, I can't stop a moment now. Tell her to go to sleep like a good child. I'll see her in the morning, and—I'll buy her some new toys—and— and kiss her good-night for me, nurse. Mr. Trenwith is there, I presume, to tell her a story."

"No, ma'am, he telephoned his man this noon to pack his things. He was called out of town, somewhere, for a day or so."

"That's too bad. Well, I could n't take his place. I don't know a single bedtime story. And I must hurry. Nichette, *dépêchez-vous, dépêchez-vous!*"

She was in her room, chattering commands to her maid, who managed to help her less than she hindered. The hands of the clock seemed to be the only hands that accomplished anything. But the complexities of harnessing that graceful form with that bewildering array of fineries were somehow completed.

It was not till Mrs. Trenwith was standing up for the fastening of the last hooks, that she found repose enough for a thought. A flit of sorrow for her child's unanswered appeal saddened her a moment. The sound of a lap-dog's whine would have done as much. Then she shook off the gloom as was her habit. Sorrow made wrinkles. She fell to musing over the long eventful day, and her smile had a mystic Mona Lisa beatitude.

She had spent the week-end at the Cassards'. Her husband could not—at least, he did not—go. Ralph Eccles was there, of course. The hostess had whispered this to her as a special inducement.

House-parties are clearing-houses for flirtation. And flirtation does not lose its zest just because one of the twain happens to be married. Perhaps that added a little paprika. But flirtation, as Mrs. Trenwith viewed it, was an innocent amusement, and less expensive than bridge.

Ralph Eccles interested Mrs. Trenwith. He was not too good-looking. He had a dictatorially gallant manner. He flirted with discretion and his god-like indifference had goaded many a woman into vowing to make him love her at every cost—only to find that she paid the cost. Eccles had rather surprised Mrs. Trenwith by daring too much, the evening before, on the star-lit veranda. And he had only laughed when she reproved him.



DRAWN BY ANGUS MAC DONELL

Flirtation was less expensive than bridge.

That had angered her; or she thought it had angered her. She wondered now whether she liked him the less or the more for that laugh.

She remembered that she had slept less peacefully last night than usual; and had reproved herself more vigorously than him, and resolved that she must not drift—of all things she must not drift into those smooth, head-waters of the Niagara of flirtation. She had fallen asleep in this resolve, only to be awakened at a heathenishly early hour for the hunt. It made her drowsy now to think of her lost rest. If it weren't for the Duys' dinner, she could have slept standing where she was.

But that dinner: the goal of her ambition, the citadel of her strategy! At last, to be one of Mrs. Duys' guests at a small "informal" dinner! It had been hard enough, a year ago, to be included in the long bead-roll of Mrs. Duys' annual ball, which marked the New Year of the social calendar. Everything that was anything was remembered by everybody that was anybody as "three weeks before"—or "two months after"—the Duys' ball. But now Mrs. Trenwith was to enter the inner circle of the inner circle.

Even Ralph Eccles, Mrs. Duys' own cousin, had had to use all his influence and much surreptitious ingenuity to obtain



for Mrs. Trenwith this mark of favor from the dear, simple, old soul, who held so strange a position as one of the three Fates of social destiny.

Eccles had found Mrs. Trenwith very pretty, very well-bred, a trifle foolish, a little vain, a bit too ambitious, and a bit too conservative in some of her ideas of flirtation.

But her ambitions and her vanity had led her to neglect her home and her husband rather notably, and to accept more attention from unattached or semi-attached men, than was altogether cautious. She was unsettled enough to rouse hope in an indolent Lothario, like Eccles, and wary enough to add the interest of uncertainty to the conquest.

Thus Eccles was musing, as his man groomed him in hot haste. He knew that part of his success with Mrs. Trenwith had been due to the ambition in which he could aid her. But it amused him to see how far she would use him, and to see then how she would reward him.

And Mrs. Trenwith herself, pretty silly moth that she was, realized, when she stopped to think, that she had forgotten her husband, her baby, her discretion, even her cavalier in pursuing the impalpable glory of recognition by certain people, who, she admitted, bored her as much as they, plainly, bored themselves. And tonight she was to plant her flag on the hard-won heights of Lookout Mountain. They seemed rather unimportant and everyday, now that they were won, but she had had the pleasure of the strategy, and she knew that there was a great throng of social strugglers battling always for the same post, and only eternal vigilance could keep her from being dragged down again.

Tonight, she must gleam as never before; she must sparkle with wit and dazzle with beauty. She regretted the bad luck that had lost her so much sleep. And her child's illness—she must not let that oppress her.

She consulted the veiled prophethood that every woman finds in her mirror. The woman in the looking-glass regarded her with evident disappointment, and seemed to say:

"Too bad you got to bed so late last

night and got up so early this morning. You're a bit jaded, and you're going off a bit, old girl. Beware of the first crumple in the petal. The bloom is rubbing thin and the gloss is beginning to show."

So she rubbed on some bloom, and the lips, a little wan and thin, were warmed and widened with a touch of art. And she must lean heavier than before on her diamonds—those becoming little footlights and calciums that enhance and disguise the make-up. She wondered if Eccles could tell *rouge* from animation. He would certainly never show it, if he did. He was so calm, forethoughtful, so subtle—much as her husband had been at first.

That very morning, she remembered how her horse had stumbled and broken the saddle-girth, and how, even as she slid to the ground, Eccles had somehow managed to rein up, dismount like a flash, and catch her before she fell. He had put her on his own horse and walked all the way back at her side. And what was it he had begun to say when those fools appeared and spoiled it?

There was a knock at her door; a servant's voice:

"Mr. Eccles' compliments, ma'am, and he asks you would you please hurry."

She caught up her fan, and cloak, and darted out. As she ran down the steps she thought she heard the low wail of a child. On the landing of the stairs she passed the doctor, and said hastily:

"You'll do everything you can, of course, for the poor dear. And I'll call you up tomorrow to know how she gets on. And now I must fly."

In the carriage, Eccles reached for her hand, but she rapped his knuckles with her fan and said, "Don't be foolish!"

He decided not to be.

They were just a moment late, and there was a trace of acid in Mrs. Duys' welcome. But Eccles took it all on himself.

"Mrs. Trenwith has n't spoken a civil word to me," he said, "for my delay."

She was so grateful, that when at dinner, his foot just touched hers, she did not move. Then she noted, across the table, that the eyes of Mrs. Jeffers were fixed on her with a hint of ill-masked

jealousy. She remembered that she had heard gossip once of Mrs. Jeffers and Mr. Eccles. It set her to thinking.

"I wonder if she fancies he's going to make as big a fool of me as he did of her. The gossips sha'n't get my name."

And she drew her slipper away from the neighborhood of Mr. Eccles' foot.

She found Mrs. Duys' eyes studying her with the frank scrutiny of that matron. Being caught at it, Mrs. Duys said:

"I was trying to see how closely you resemble your little girl, Mrs. Trenwith. She was pointed out to me in the park the other day. She's a beautiful elf. I think she has your color, but she has your husband's eyes, as I remember."

"So everyone says," Mrs. Trenwith answered, and wondered why the mention of her husband should seem *mal-à-propos*.

"John Trenwith used to be a handsome boy. I'd like to have had him here tonight, but Ralph said it would be useless to invite him, as he is working like a fiend."

"Yes, Mr. Trenwith rarely does me the honor of dining even with me," said Mrs. Trenwith; then wondered why she had made such a speech.

"And is your little girl quite well?" Mrs. Duys ran on.

"Oh, quite well, thank you," said Mrs. Trenwith, and sought vainly for a way of changing the subject.

"That's good," Mrs. Duys said. "Do you know I rather fancied she looked a little peaked and tired when I saw her—such great wistful eyes. How I envy you your little girl, Mrs. Trenwith. Mine are all grown up and married, and some of them—re-married. I wish I could have kept them young forever. The Lord knows, they'd have been happier."

Mrs. Duys was in a garrulous mood and everyone listened, as when a sovereign speaks.

"But children nowadays aren't children long. My grand-children know more than I do, and they're so sophisticated that it's shocking. It's the result of modern scientific training, I suppose. Mothers today leave everything to the sterilized bottle and the antiseptic doctor. Now I nursed every one of my children myself. But would one of my daughters

nurse a child? Humph! they say it spoils their figures. Babies were babies in those days. When I remember their little voices, their big eyes—" she shook her head sadly. "Why, I can feel their tiny arms around my neck this moment, and I wonder what else there is on earth worth while."

Mrs. Trenwith listened in surprise. This was not the sort of talk she had expected to hear at the Duys' dinner-table. So this dowager was very human after all, more human than any of them. Her toilet of *grande-dame* became her not half so well as the grace of motherhood.

Eccles, the bachelor, was bored by this nursery mood. He made a rash effort to change the subject.

"I thought Mrs. Halprin was to be here tonight."

It was the worst possible topic. Mrs. Duys started.

"Why did you speak of it, Ralph?"

"Is she ill?"

"No, but her baby—her only child! Last night she was at the opera and they telephoned her, and she went home and found the baby in a high fever. This afternoon it was in convulsions. At this very moment it may be—oh, Lord, what a world this is!"

The servants providentially appeared with the roast, richly-garnished and aromatic with optimism. The conversation broke up into little groups, and the day was saved. Eccles began telling Mrs. Trenwith a story that he always kept on hand for an emergency like this.

She heard only a mumble. Her thoughts had flown far; she was back in the nursery: the doctor was there, and her baby was there, fretful, restless, crying for her. And she was here, gaudily bedecked, at a ceremonial pretense of merrymaking. She remembered the first days of the child's life, the long, slow, sweet, fearful days before that life began, that first quaint cry, the first kiss, the first sight of the wee girl thing that was then as she had once been and would one day be as she was now.

She remembered her own babyhood: the mothering she had had, and how different it was from the mothering she had given her own child. All the excuses



DRAWN BY ANGUS MAC DONALL

*She caught the edge of the table; all eyes turned her way*

she had made for leaving Marjory to the nurses and the doctors seemed now to be only the evasions, the hypocrisies of a selfish ambition that flouts its duties and cultivates its pleasures. She remembered the look her husband used to give her when she sent the child from the drawing-room after a few minutes of dandling, a short stint of tenderness. She used to laugh at John for the foolish antics he cut to win a difficult smile from the baby, or to triumph in a gurgle of laughter. She had said to him once:

"You ought to have been a nurse instead of a man."

She remembered his answer:

"I wonder if you ought ever to have been a mother."

She had shrugged her shoulders then; but the words came back now like the sentence of a judge.

She flushed with shame to think how her life had condemned her. A chime of laughter from the group about her evidently greeted the point of Eccles' story. The laughter irritated Mrs. Trenwith to the last degree. She was here listening to funny stories, and idle chatter, while her child was— If she had only not told Mrs. Duys that Marjory was quite well, she could have made that an excuse for going home. Some excuse she must have. If it angered Mrs. Duys, if it lost her her place in the sacred list, no matter. The very habit of obeying her whims, that had led her to neglect her child, was

now compelling her to disregard the amenities.

She had an idea that Eccles was murmuring something to her. From his tone it seemed to be a compliment. She felt his foot stealthily find hers and press it gently. She dug her heel into his instep and saw him wince.

She rose, sank back into her chair, caught the edge of the table. She saw all eyes turned her way.

She said,

"Mrs. Duys, can you ever forgive me—I feel faint. I—"

She heard Mrs. Duys order a servant: "Give Mrs. Trenwith some brandy at once."

"No, no," she gasped, "I must—"

"You must go into another room, my dear, and lie down a moment—and loosen your stays."

"No, thank you, I think I shall go home, if you will pardon me—"

Everyone rose as she did, but she pleaded:

"I beg you not to let me disturb you. I shall be all right once I am home."

She had a vague notion of Eccles supporting her. A servant threw open the doors before her—she felt her cloak laid on her shoulders—found herself on the steps in the night air—heard a carriage called—felt herself guided down the steps and aided into the carriage.

Eccles was seating himself beside her. She fairly pushed him from the brougham.

"No, I insist. I shall be angry. Only tell him to drive fast."

At length there was a sense of motion. She was alone and praying for the life of her child, for a chance to expiate her miserable dereliction.

Home at last! And once more the word meant "home" to her.

As she waited for the door to be opened, the doctor's horse, hard-driven, drew up at the curb. She waited for him, hurried up the stairs with him, upbraiding him.

"Why did n't you tell me? It was heartless not to tell me."

The doctor wasted no time in explanation. The old nurse met him at the top of the stairs but he rushed past her. As she started to follow, Mrs. Trenwith said:

"My baby—is she calling for me still?"

"She quit calling for you, ma'am, some time since."

Mrs. Trenwith flung her cloak to the floor and darted into the room, threw herself on the bed, crying,

"Marjory! Marjory!"

The child stared at her with dull eyes of unrecognition, and answered, "Daddy! I want my daddy!"

This was the deepest humiliation Mrs. Trenwith ever knew. She was ashamed to look the doctor in the eyes as she questioned him and repeated his instructions over and over. There was contempt in every glance of the old nurse, but she dared not resent it. She wanted to slink away and die. But somewhere she found resolution to determine that she would atone—atone.

The doctor's efforts to reassure her were futile. She feared to let him go, but he had other patients. When he had left, she stood gazing at the tormented child as it tossed on the hot pillow. She smoothed away the wet curls from the damp forehead. She bent over and kissed the flushed cheeks, and her brow tangled with pity at their fever.

The nurse pushed a chair toward her and she sank into it, her eyes fastened always on Marjory. She was frightened, humbled, crushed. She longed to cry, but her eyes were arid as sand; her throat ached as if she were throttled. There was an age of silence, broken by a nagging clock that ticked heavily.

She heard the old nurse say:

"You'd better go lie down, ma'am, and rest. You're not used to this."

She shook her head angrily and would not answer. Then, in the silence, sleep began to tempt Mrs. Trenwith. She had slept little at the house-party. The fatigue of the hunt, the cradle-motion of the railroad, the stupor from the wines at the dinner, the nerve-drain of excitement, her very remorse, all conspired to sap her vitality. She was bitterly shamed that she could think of sleep now, but her eyelids were bronze, her head drooped. She yawned in spite of herself—at such a time! But she would not give in. She walked the floor, struck herself in the face to keep awake. She watched the

clock always, and when a medicine was due, she seized it from the nurse. She, who was awkward at nothing else, was *maladroit* in managing her child. But she was fierce at any interruption or offer of help.

As the night flowed toward dawn, Marjory grew more peevish, her hands twitched, she called again for her father, stretching out her arms.

Mrs. Trenwith gathered the child at length into her arms to soothe her, laid the hot head on her cool, bare, bosom, and paced the floor, tripping on her long skirts—glad if she tore the lace.

She felt appalled at her own ignorance, her helplessness to give comfort or aid to this flesh of her flesh. She could not even renew acquaintance with her child. There was no answer to her questions, no response to her caresses. The child's pain seemed to keep her aloof from her mother. Mrs. Trenwith was like an exile beating at the city gate. She grew afraid of the loneliness, the mysterious sufferings of her baby, the restless throb of the tiny pulse fluttering like a humming bird held in the hand.

She made the nurse telephone for the doctor, and when he answered sleepily that he would come later, she stormed at him through the telephone, and ordered him not to delay. Wearily he promised. And she took up again her march with the child that still stared at her with feeble resentment and refused a love that was growing frantic with denial.

She felt as much of a stranger to her own as if she were a spinster who had found a baby on her doorstep. She did not even know a lullaby. She remembered an old croon of her mother's, but the words were not to be recalled. She dropped into a rocking chair and swayed back and forth, humming and imploring the child to sleep, to cease whimpering, to be well.

Finally there was a stir in the silent house; the doctor had arrived at last. He came in, haggard from broken rest, and insolent with fatigue.

"Don't you know better than to rock the baby?" he snapped.

His presence seemed to quiet the child,

and there was a deathly stillness while he took the temperature and questioned the old woman.

"We'll have a trained nurse as soon as it is morning," he said.

"Is she so very ill, doctor?"

"She is very far from well, Mrs. Trenwith."

"But there is no danger?"

"There is always danger with a child. Besides, Marjory was not so strong as she should have been. You may remember I told you you ought to take her South."

"Yes, I was going to—later, after the—but I did n't know it was so important. Why did n't you make me go? Why did n't you drive me out of town?"

"I've tried that, Mrs. Trenwith, and merely lost a patient. I'm only a doctor, not a policeman".

"But you can save her? You will save her? My God, you must save her!"

"I will do my best, Mrs. Trenwith."

"You must do more than that. Look—if you will save her, I'll give up this necklace—it's worth thousands of—"

"Mrs. Trenwith, you may apologize to me when you are calmer. I'm a doctor, I tell you. Do you suppose I'd do less than my utmost if she were a beggar's child? You'd better lie down, Mrs. Trenwith. You're worn out—you're not used to this."

"I'm going to get used to it, doctor."

She spoke with an effort at pride, but at heart she was humbled to think how famous she was for her elastic, thoroughbred vitality at all the amusements of her set, and how soon she was exhausted by a little common heed of duty.

Again the doctor ordered her to bed, and she consented just to be rid of him; but when he was gone she still sat watching every lift and fall of the baby's breast. At daybreak she remembered her husband, and sent the butler to telegraph to every place he might have gone.

At nine a trained-nurse came, quiet, serenely dictatorial, with all the authority of uniform. But Mrs. Trenwith greeted her with suspicion and eyed her with jealousy, and refused to be sent from the room. She watched every dexterous motion of the nurse, learning it all as a lesson for the future.





DRAWN BY ANGUS MAC DONALL

It was the first time Mrs. Trenwith had ever seen a strong man cry.

At noon, Mr. Eccles' card was brought to her. She looked at it in a daze. The name was already ancient history to her. She flushed with another remorse, and said:

"Tell him I'm not at home. No, I'll see him—at the foot of the stairs a moment."

Ralph Eccles stared at her in bewilderment as she came slowly and unsteadily down the steps. She was still in the dinner-gown of the night before, but her shoulders drooped, her hair was in disarray, her cheeks hollow, and her eyes dark-circled. He wondered if she could be addicted to drugs, she had so wandering and distraught a look.

He held out his hand, but she did not see it. She seemed to grope for words, then she said slowly, brokenly:

"Mr. Eccles, I—I wanted to see you—to tell you that I am no longer the—the woman you knew. I am—Mrs. Trenwith—and my—my baby is very ill."

She had meant to say much more, but something choked her and she felt that this man had no right to her confidence. He drew near to comfort her, but there was something about her grief that made even Ralph Eccles fall back, as an unbeliever may shrink from touching a sanctuary esteemed sacred by the faithful.

He murmured:

"I am very, very sorry. I am sure that your little girl will get well soon. You must n't worry. Good bye."

And he went slowly out of the house, without even reminding her that she had promised that afternoon to him. He had hardly turned the corner when an automobile flashed up to the curb at high speed and John Trenwith leaped out, pressed the button, waited a second, took out his keys with trembling hand, opened the door, and dashed up the stairs. He found his wife just entering the nursery. To his surprise, she threw her arms about him and leaned heavily on him, as she had not done for a year.

"Marjory is very ill, John," she said. "And it's my fault—all my fault. Do you think God is going to punish me by taking her from me just as I have learned?"

"No, no, my dear. We'll bring her round. Cheer up!" he said in a confident tone that belied his own panic and gave

her the strength he could not give himself.

They entered the room together, and she saw her husband tremble as he looked at their child. She saw the Fear come over him, saw him drop to his knees at the bedside, and stare as Marjory flung her head back and forth in the matted curls. He called her by name, but she spurned even him and whimpered: "I want my daddy! I have n't any mudder, and I'm awful sick."

Trenwith's face went into his hands and his big frame was shaken with sobs he could not smother. It was the first time Mrs. Trenwith had ever seen a strong man cry, and it brought her to her knees at his side. Her arm stole round him. She wanted to mother him, too, for the father's anguish made of him a child again.

The trained nurse had been schooled in scenes like this, but the heart is never quite inured to the ordeal of a father and mother waiting and watching while their young fights alone for life.

But it was permitted to this father and mother to see their child win a victory over the Shadow. They watched with awe, and could give no aid. Gradually, a change came upon the child—a change as subtle as the vanishing of a mist, that lets in a flood of sunshine.

The little hot brow smoothed, the wan, taut lips relaxed into a pink rosebud, the clenched hands opened out like petals, the breath came soft, and even, and deep. The nurse nodded and smiled, and whispered:

"The fever has left her now, I think."

Mrs. Trenwith rose quickly to her feet and gazed with idolatry upon her child; then she bent over and kissed the cool, sweet brow as gently as a thought. The great eyes opened and the rose lips murmured,

"Mudder! why, it's you! I wondered if you would n't ever come home—Mudder!"

The tiny hands closed around the woman's fingers, and the child fell asleep, smiling. Mrs. Trenwith cast one look of loving triumph at her husband, then fell on her knees and wept. Is there any emotion that woman cannot best express with tears?

# In the Dark

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Author of "Frances Baird—Detective," etc

"Oh!" she cried.

And then I knew that I had kissed the wrong girl.

The hall was dark. I myself, waiting in the window-seat for Marjorie, had doused the night-lamp that swung there—doused it as I heard the pleasant swish of a gown coming down the corridor. I had written Marjorie that I would not arrive for my week-end share of the Billy Carews' house-party before everybody was abed that night, but I had added that, if she really meant to throw over Fred Courtney and renew our engagement, I would, immediately after being shown to my room, steal to that secluded window-seat which we both remembered and there be prepared to hear her confession. Marjorie is always romantic when she renews our engagement; those are about the only romantic moments she experiences and upon this I had builded—only to kiss the wrong girl!

"Oh!" she gasped again.

"Don't be alarmed," I reassured her. "I am not a burglar, and if you start to make a scene, you will rouse the house and manufacture a whole five-act tragedy."

You see, I wanted, above everything else, to hear her voice. When you can't see a girl's face—and we were in pitch darkness—the next best thing is to get her to talk: a woman with a beautiful voice is never wholly ugly.

And I succeeded.

"If you are not a burglar," she inquired still breathlessly, "what are you?"

It was all right: her voice was wonderful—a beautiful, deep contralto. It was not Marjorie's, of course, but Marjorie's voice is her one fault: she talks soprano, especially when she scolds—so I don't like soprano. As for this voice—it was highly important that I should know it when I met it at breakfast, and I was now sure both that I had never before heard it and that I should henceforth recognize it anywhere.

"What am I?" I repeated.

It was, of course, necessary to keep

tight hold until the lady was adequately reassured.

"I am—really, I am a gentleman."

She struggled a little at that.

"A gentleman," said she, "would never—"

"Softly, softly," I admonished. "A gentleman is a man who does things which no gentleman should do, in a way that only a gentleman can do them."

"Would he do this?" she asked. But she was n't resisting quite so strenuously now.

"If he would not do this," said I, in common politeness, "he would be offering an insult to beauty, and no gentleman—"

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed, a good deal too loudly. "Tell me the truth."

I don't know why I did it. It was against all my code of experience and rules of conduct. Never tell the truth when you want to please a woman; that, I hold, is fundamental. Yet romance abhors a vacuum; I had to speak quickly and so I daringly confessed:

"The fact is that this was an accident."

She straightened up—in my arms.

"Is that flattering?" she demanded, her wonderful voice growing louder and louder—and less and less engaging—with every stormy in-take of her rapid breath. "Sir, if you do not at this moment release me—"

Now, confound it! I put it to you squarely: How could I release her when she was going on like that, her voice rising like a balloon and dragging me with it to destruction? At any instant, I expected to see lights from that row of doors which stretched, I knew, down the hall before us; to hear voices and to see the assembled house-party emerge in panic and pink pajamas. At all hazards I must quiet her, and there are only two certain ways of quieting a woman: you must either make love to her, or excite her curiosity. In the present desperate straights I decided upon a drastic dose: I would combine both methods.

"Hush! One moment! Allow me one

moment," I pleaded, "and all will be clear."

And then, as her curiosity awakened and expressed itself in a slight quieting of her stricken breast, I rushed precipitately on:

"What I said is not flattery, or not my sort, at any rate, because the best flattery—and I use only the best brand—is a half-truth. It is an accident that I found you here, since I did n't expect to meet you until breakfast—"

"Naturally," she interrupted, but still in a voice full of warning to the household. "I merely could n't sleep and was going to the balcony for a breath of air."

I thought I saw my chance for a glimpse of her face: there was some small starlight on the balcony.

"Shall we go there now?" I inquired.

"No!" said she, so sharply that I had to continue.

"Well, then, to my point: I did n't expect to see you until breakfast."

"You can't see me now!"

Confound the darkness!

"Ah, but I know you!—Listen, and try—please try—to forgive me! I came down here because—because I knew you were to be here: I have loved you—loved you for a year, and I came down here to tell you so!"

It was a rash stroke; it always is, but also it nearly always proves effective; it now proved almost effective immediately. She altogether ceased struggling and her voice dropped to the whisper of my own. But what she said was:

"Who are you?"

By Jove, I had n't thought of that! It knocked me so silly that, for a moment, I honestly did not know who I was. I groped about through the resounding corridors of my memory in a regular blind-man's buff after my elusive identity and, when I caught it, I was so pleased that I blurted it right out—not a lying John Smith or Jack Robinson, but an honest, devil-take-me-if-I-care:

"Thomas Randolph, to the world, and, to you, your devoted servitor."

Of course, the next instant I realized that my honesty had at last got me into no end of a mess, as, on the few occasions when I have indulged it, it has always ended by doing. But I had no time for

retreat. In fact, I had time only to draw her still closer in the darkness before she came back at me with the obvious rapier-thrust:

"Thomas Randolph? Why, I have never even met you!"

But that time I was ready for her; once I have blown up my bridges behind me and really told a girl that I love her, then I am at least calm with the assurance of despair.

"No," I said sadly, releasing my hold a bit, just to see if she'd run—and she did n't. "No, I have never even met you. And yet, my dear, and yet—By the way," I broke off, "at least you know who I am?"

But that ray of hope she instantly extinguished.

"Rather," she replied, and her tone was so dry that perversely, I decided to show her there was no truth in the stories of my fickleness as, indeed, there is none; it has always been Marjorie who broke our engagement; I have always tried to remain engaged to her, no matter how many girls I made love to.

"Oh," I pursued, sadder than ever now, for, Heaven knows, the situation was enough to produce the most violent melancholia, "you have heard that I was that most despicable of beings, a male flirt. You have heard that I was a butterfly, a breaker of hearts, a destroyer of faith, a—"

And then I could n't think of any more phrases along that line, so I quit it and started the new one.

"But why did I seem to be all these things? Shall I tell you?" I did n't want to, honestly, so I gave myself one more chance to escape and fervently ended: "Shall I?"

But my Lady of the Voice only cuddled up in my arms, nodded her head against my shoulder and sealed my doom. And then, difficult as it may seem to believe, I began really to mean and actually to like it!

"Because," I said, "because, all through a fevered and wasted youth, I was seeking an ideal. I was resolved to find her, to leave no corner disregarded. I sought for her in blonde and brunette, in blue eyes and brown, with black hair and golden, in wealth and—yes, once or twice, even in

poverty. Nothing daunted, nothing deterred me. When I discovered, as always, at last, I did, that this woman or that of all the thousand was not the ideal for whom my life was destined and to whom my soul was wed, what recked I? I cast her aside and flew on—on—on, ever onward upon my high quest. I broke hearts carelessly—for you; for you I trampled under feet the faith of a hundred women. I sacrificed them all—all, to my ideal! And then at last I found her—found her when I first saw you! Five years ago—”

A little whisper came from my shoulder:

“You said it was one year.”

“One,” I hurriedly corrected, “by the calendar.” I never would have made that slip if I had n’t worked myself into such deadly earnest. Some way, the more a chap means a love-affair, the more he lies in pushing it. “One by the calendar, yes, but to the heart that saw and could not attain, to the soul that at last recognized its ideal and then could not speak—oh, that was five years—five centuries!”

“Where was it?” she whispered.

Oh, the practical mind of women! What ever moved blind man to call her’s the romantic sex? I had to guess quickly, so I guessed the surest place.

“It was on Fifth Avenue,” I ventured. “I remember the day distinctly; it was a beautiful afternoon in Spring.”

I wanted to dwell on the safe and sane topic of the weather, but again she interrupted:

“On what part of Fifth Avenue?”

“I could not tell you to save my life. Again and again I have tried to recall, so that I might revisit the place as if it were a shrine, but no, I was carried away by the sight of you and followed you, humbly, at a reverent distance for blocks and blocks, and I have never been able to recall where my pilgrimage began.”

“How—how was I dressed?”

I took another long shot:

“You were dressed in blue,” I answered.

After all, every woman not in mourning has a blue dress once a winter.

“Oh!” she delightedly echoed. “An etamine, was n’t it?”

I nodded. I have n’t the remotest idea what a blue etamine is, or any other color

of etamine, but I nodded. And then, proud of my marksmanship, I continued:

“And at your breast you had a bunch of violets.”

“Yes,” she murmured, “I often do wear violets.”

“I remember them as if it were yesterday,” said I. “They were purple.”

“Yes, she sighed, “you are right: they were purple.”

“Again and again,” I pursued, “I tried to meet you and again and again I failed. When I heard you were here, I chucked three other engagements, wired Carew for an invitation and came at once.”

“But how—how did you know in the dark that it was I?”

Ready with an answer? Oh, I always am, when the answer will get me into deeper water!

“Once,” I vowed, “I followed you into a book-shop and heard you ask for a novel: I would know your voice anywhere.”

At that she did move away a little.

“But I had n’t spoken,” she said, “when—when you—”

Well, she had n’t, but I rapidly surmised that, when a woman is suddenly embraced in a dark hallway at 3 A.M., her impressions regarding details are subsequently vague enough to bear a little twisting.

“Yes,” I insisted. “We collided, you cried out: I knew the voice instantly, and then—and then— Dearest,” I desperately concluded (for I must get her mind off this dangerous cross-examination) “I could not wait then; I cannot wait now. Give me your answer!”

I loosened my hold, as if to signify that she was free, if she chose, to spurn my heart and hand.

In that instant she darted away in the darkness.

“I must think it over,” came in a wonderful whisper (I shall never forget that voice!) from far down the hallway.

I heard her light retreating foot-fall; I heard the diminishing rustle of her skirts; I heard a door close—gently. And then I was once more alone in the night.

Well, I did the sensible thing. I turned in and slept the sleep of a man who has done a good day’s work.



But next morning I was not so certain of my chivalry. In fact, it required three cocktails to get me to the point where, after a most careful toilet, I could venture down to breakfast.

They have those English buffet-breakfasts at the Carews' place, but, though I was late, there were not many in the room ahead of me. I edged about nervously, speaking absently to those who knew me, and trying to catch the voices of the three or four women who were strangers. They were frights—every last one of them—but I had managed to relieve my mind in regard to all save one:—a horrid old hag with a false front, a beak nose, and as much rouge as she had crow's feet—when Billy Carew sang out:

"Hello, Tommy, my boy! Glad you got here! My man take good care of you? By Jove, crank up, old horse! You look as if you had n't slept a wink! Come over here and meet Miss Bristol."

Miss Bristol, of course, was the lady with the crow's feet. I nearly fainted.

"Ah, Mr. Randolph!" she cackled. "I have heard—"

But I did n't hear another word. I was too thankful. It was n't Her Voice! I could have shouted with joy. But I did n't. Through an act of singular and commendable self-restraint—quite enough to command a Carnegie courage-medal—I merely stood there grinning platitudes and jammering inanities, when suddenly there came, at my very elbow, the Voice—undeniably and absolutely Her Voice—at last.

It said:

"Shall I give you some coffee, sir?"

I jumped so that I must nearly have knocked the cup from her hand. But I did n't turn at once: I did n't dare. When however, I had partly collected my shattered nerves, I wheeled slowly—and faced a pretty, conventional, fresh-cheeked capped and aproned serving-maid!

I had to have a minute—I had to have a minute to think.

"Thank you, no!" I snapped, and bolted for the buffet, where I seized madly upon an iced half of a grape-fruit.

And then—

"Good morning, Billy! Good morning, Bella! Good—"

I dropped the grape-fruit right upon the floor and spun about as men sometimes do when fatally shot.

For it was the Voice again—absolutely and undeniably Her Voice—and it came from another woman, from a glorious bronze-haired creature with the light of morning in her face and the doorway for a frame to the perfect picture!

I gripped the buffet first and then I gripped the decanter. I heard Carew's wife call her Clare Collom—whom I knew dimly, to be one of the latest crop of heiresses. I further heard Mrs. Carew call the pretty maid, "Margaret." I also heard Margaret ask Clare that absurd coffee-question in absolutely Clare's voice. And then I heard Clare reply—I don't know what—in absolutely the voice of Margaret.

I looked at Margaret—and was sure I detected a spark of significance in the depth of Margaret's blue eyes. I caught the glance of Clare—and I could have sworn her brown eyes answered knowingly. And I awoke to find myself saying weakly to Carew:

"Billy, what a remarkable coincidence—those two girls' voices—the—er—maid's and Miss—er—Collom's."

"Yes," responded the immobile Carew, "we've all noticed it. Come and be presented to Miss Collom."

"Not—not just yet," I stammered.

"Eh!" he gasped, "You're the first man that ever—Why, Carew, she's got a mint, my lad."

"What do I care!" I loyally responded. "I see Marjorie in the hallway. I'm going to her."

I did. I went so fast that I nearly bowled her over.

"Hello! How do, Tommy!" she caroled as calmly as any of them.

"Don't call me 'Tommy!'" I flung exasperately at her.

Marjorie straightened up instantly.

"Then whither away, Mr. Randolph?" she frigidly demanded. "You must have got out of the wrong side of bed this morning."

"I'm getting out of here," I answered.

"Really?" Marjorie is never surprised at me. "Where are you traps?"

"They'll follow—later."

"Hum!" said Marjorie. "Is it the conventional sudden telegram recalling you to town, or have you found your ideal—somewhere else?"

I hurried down the hall.

"I have found my ideal," I tossed back. "I've found my ideal—and there are two

of her!" I knew she would n't understand.

I did not stop running until I reached the station, and I kept away from all my old haunts until I heard that Miss Collom had become engaged to Harry Hilton and that Margaret had eloped with Carew's butler, John.

## The Kidnaped Angel

BY KATHERINE HOLLAND BROWN



BUT, my dear girl, they won't thank you. Not for a cent. That sort always looks with black suspicion on every attempt at kindness from their betters. And ever since the strike, Collingwood tells me that they've held him responsible for all the tough luck that has come their way, from Flaherty's new kind of fits to Callahan's lost cow. The *entente cordiale* between him and his men is shaky enough; don't let's wiggle it any farther. Send the kids some pink candy and a Christmas-card, and let it go at that."

"But, Jimmy, please!" Jean sank down on a great log, blown clear of snow, and pushed the furred hood back from her lovely, eager face. "They've seen so little beauty in their poor, starved little lives! I don't want to be sentimental, but I do want to show them one beautiful thing—for once!"

"You've been down to the house-boats twice this week, have n't you?" Rutherford's voice was carefully careless, but Jean's red lips tightened, gravely.

"Don't chaff, Jimmy. And don't—don't—anything else." For there was pleading as well as mischief in his eyes. "When I supposed you'd sympathize so fully! Shame!"

Rutherford heaved a daunted sigh.

"Well, what next? You'll have a tree for

those youngsters, of course. And Christmas tableaux—in the carriage-house, for the realistic back-ground; and Podgie Smith, and Thayer, and Jack Ellery for the Three Wise Men; they don't have any talking to do, so maybe they can hold up the bluff. And the Collingwood twins as mummers, to sing carols. You'd better detail two of us to watch each twin. Their *repertoire* is n't limited to carol-singing."

"Don't, Jimmy!" Jean's saintly look yielded to dimpling reproach. "You do mistrust people so. And children, at that!"

"They aren't children. They're pirates. Have you forgotten the night they tied strings across the avenue on purpose to trip the coachman, poor old Smith, and then pounced out and bound and gagged him, and cleaned out every cent he had, beside that turnip watch he thinks the world of? Of course they sent the things back next day; but they nearly scared Smith into convulsions. Collingwood ought to have whaled them within a inch of their lives."

"But, Jimmy, they were so sorry! It was all just pretend to them. And they felt dreadfully afterwards, and they saved their pocket-money for a week, to buy him a present. Mrs. Collingwood told me so herself."

"I know. And it strikes me that a pink china shaving-mug would be slim compensation for a hold-up, even by my social superiors." Rutherford himself had suffered grievous things at the hands of the Collingwood twins. "But go on, Lady Jane. Tree, Wise Men, mummers—"

"Now, Jimmy, you'll laugh at me. But—but I want—a Christmas angel."

"You don't need more than one, surely!"

"James Rutherford, if you begin being silly again—"

"Oh, don't go away! I won't say another word. Not a cheep."

"Well, you know that darling little girl of Mrs. Lonergan's, down in the second house-boat?"

"The red-headed one in overalls, all stuck up with molasses, that tried to climb my umbrella?"

"She has golden hair and brown eyes—yes. 'Honora,' they call her. And Mrs. Lonergan says she never cries, and she understands everything—she's nearly two, you know—and Jimmy, think how cunning that little dear would look, all in white, with a gilt crown and wings, standing high beside the tree! The children would never forget it, as long as they lived."

Rutherford gulped a ribald shout. The vision of wee Honora in angelic guise, supported by her parent saints; Mamma Lonergan with both fat, red arms rolled in her apron; Mike with pipe and pick and sheepish smile, all but overcame him.

"Be sure they won't forget it. Not in a thousand years. But, Jeannie, is n't that going pretty far? And where can you get wings and fixin's, pray?"

"Borrow Molly Percival's; she wore them as Psyche at the Bradley ball. Would n't it be pretty—and quaint? Then the Collingwoods, will have a houseful out for Christmas; maybe it will help to entertain them, too."

"It surely will."

Rutherford stooped to brush the snow from her cardinal skirt. She rose without a glance, her serious eyes turned again to the far-away house-boats, huddled like burrows beside the great ice-bound river. The blood stormed to Rutherford's temples as he looked up at her. Star-like forehead, gentle heart, she was a thing for worshipping; today he knew not which he loved the more, her heavenly thought for these, the least of the earth, or her most heavenly foolishness in carrying out her will.

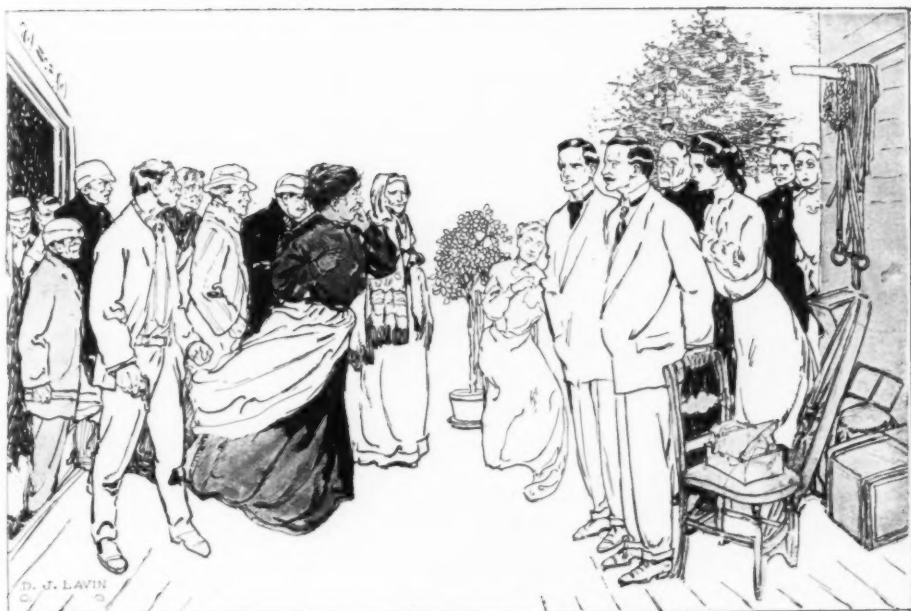
"Collingwood will be pleased as Punch if you can butter up Lonergan," he said presently. "You know he's short of foun-

dry hands, and Lonergan and all his gang have thrown him down, and are working for Consolidated, just for spite, since the strike. But if Lonergan sees his favorite child served up on holly and greens, admired of all the earth, he may relent. So you'll not only hoist the ideals of the natives, but amuse the house-party, and lend Collingwood a hand, too. Maybe your scheme is a pretty good one, after all."

Jean walked slowly away. The western sunlight poured down the crystal hillsides, a flood of golden fire. Against the blind white slopes she stood herself a Christmas angel, cloaked in flame. Rutherford followed, silent, his heart of a sudden dully heavy. It had been a long chase, he told himself grimly; and, times without number, his own stupidity, a careless word, an unthinking rebuff, had cost him the victory, when all but in his grasp. Today, in her hushed aloofness, he read reproach for his light words. And as she turned away, it was as if she turned from his trivial presence to the shrine of her sweet lofty plans.

The Collingwood twins sat on two overturned buckets in the harness-room, and glowered into vacancy. Around them the Christmas-eve jubilation swelled to melodious thunder. The audience, a scrubbed and awe-struck mob, small Finnegans and Moriartys and Houlihans, sat sandwiched between the Collingwoods' town guests in the big carriage-room, now transformed into the gayest of tiny theaters. Evergreen and holly and red fire mingled inspiringly with the hay-and-varnish aroma of the barn; tootle of flute and squeak of violin from the box stalls, where the Three Wise Men labored as orchestra till their turn, pierced above the din of joyous conversation, the howls of the stage-manager, the uproar of moving furniture, and hysterical command. Everybody was hot and excited and noisy and happy; everybody rejoiced in Christmas, save those small lords of the manor, the twins.

"If they weren't all so stuck on makin' a party for those darn kids, we'd have given 'em Deadwood Dick this afternoon," growled Rupert, kicking vengefully at his silver-paper shield. Rupert, as Saint



DRAWN BY D. J. LAVIN

"Where's my Honora?"

George, in doublet and buckled shoes, his fair hair gleaming beneath his gilded helmet, pictured but rosy innocence; however, the glint in his eye spoke volumes for those who knew.

"Mother said we could, and father said we could have the Injun blankets from the hall, an' the bows 'n' 'narrers an' everything. And Smith was to drive the mail-coach, and Miss Jeannie promised me she'd be the Lone Passenger, with her hair down, and faint when we rescued her, an' I showed her just when to holler. An' now she's 'so sorry!'" Rupert's voice lifted in infuriate mockery, "'But don't we want to give a happy Christmas to those dear little house-boat children, and let Deadwood Dick wait till next week?' And then all mother's company will be gone, an' we won't make more 'n a dollar an' a half!"

"Ah, here are my precious boys!"

Mrs. Collingwood floated in.

"Richard, darling, crawl sidewise, so the bishop can see your dragon tail. Is n't it cunning! And that forked tongue, Mrs. Avery!"

Richard, prone on his stomach, tipped back his sheathed head, and poked out a wabbling scarlet spike of *papier-maché*. There rose a shriek of admiration.

"Is n't it wonderful!"

"And those griffin claws, and scales!"

"Really, he looks so—so real, he makes me shudder!"

"I'll bet she'd shudder her hair off, if she could just see me do Three-Fingered Jack," sniffed Richard, as his admirers fluttered away.

He tried to sit up: his dragon-mail cracked ominously.

"Bother these tin clothes, anyhow! See here, Rupert, we've got to get some money some way," he went on, solemnly. "We can't get that ice-boat for one cent under twenty dollars."

"If only Miss Jeannie would charge these kids a quarter apiece and then divide, we'd be all right," grunted Rupert. "An' I told her so, an' she squealed an' said that would be perfectly dreadful. I don't care; they've got lots of money. I was down to Lonergan's house-boat, an' I heard Mike tell his wife he had 'most two hundred dollars."

"Honest?"

Richard's eyes bulged beneath the dragon goggles.

"Honest! true!"

"That's more than father has. I asked him for a dollar yesterday, an' he said he had n't only fifteen cents to his name."



The two pondered in silence.

"Let's hold him up, like we did Smith," suggested St. George, calmly. "We could pay it back next month, out of our 'low-ance."

"He would n't have it along," returned the dragon, gloomily. "'Sides, he's no 'fraidy like Smith; he'd grab us an' holler for help. Maybe—"

"Ready, boys?"

Jean peeped laughing into the room. Her eyes were starry with delight.

"Come, dearies. Isn't it sweet?"

The curtains parted with the immemorial hitch and joggle of the amateur stage. There stood the tree, a glory of candles and green; beside it, high on her scarlet pedestal, stood little Honora, a lovely sight indeed, in wings and crown and flowing white, her chubby hands outstretched. There rose a murmur, then a cheer.

"Sweet enough to steal, the little cherub!" The bishop's voice sounded sonorous praise.

The twins blinked; St. George gave the dragon a swift and surreptitious kick. Hand in hand, they watched the distribution of gifts, in brotherly accord. Only the gleam in the dragon's eye, and the clench of St. George's pudgy fist betrayed the mighty purposes which surged within.

Assuredly it was a grand success, so every one declared, when the curtain had writhed down over the last tableau, and Jean stood tying small hoods and mufflers while proud parents hovered in the rear. Lonergeran, his red face a moon of sheepish satisfaction, stood in a corner, talking with Collingwood; Jean gave Rutherford an unwilling smile.

"It does look like a double success, does n't it?" she whispered. "Here, Patrick, take this orange home to sister. Tie your shoe-strings tighter, Thady. And Honora—why, where is Honora?"

"Sure she's a 'friskin' around wid some of the gentry, yer leddyship," returned Mrs. Lonergeran, who was buttoning up the sixth from the eldest. "Niver was there her equal for flirtin', the darlin'! Ye'd think she was the leddy born."

"But she'll catch cold, running about in that thin dress."

"Sure she runs bare foot an' head, the

best iv her days," returned the fond mother. "Mike, where's Honora?"

"Honora? I left her wid you, the hour ago."

"Thin she's wint home wid the Dorgans. They offered to ride her down in the go-cart wid Jamesy, an' I telt thim 'yis,' an' neighborly it was of thim. Many thanks to ye, Miss Wallace, an' a merry Christmas to yez all!"

Jean watched the procession depart with anxious eyes.

"It's all right, of course—if just that child is safe," she murmured.

The guests were flinging chairs and properties against the wall, the Wise Men struck up an irresistible two-step.

"Yes, I'll dance this, Jimmy, but—Oh, please! Don't let us go over all that again, Jimmy. We're always friends, you know—but it is n't any use for us to—to say any more about it. No, honestly, you don't want another Christmas present, and don't let us talk about it further. Do look at the twins sitting there hand in hand, the darlings! They've been nothing but a comfort all day."

"Perhaps the leopard cubs can change their spots," muttered Rutherford doubtfully.

"Partners for a Virginia Reel!" shouted Avery, jumping on the stage to call off. "First couple forward and back! Second coup—Gracious Heavens!"

The great door crashed open; there plunged in a white-faced, gasping woman, hatless, disheveled, reeling.

"Where's my Honora?"

Her fierce mother-scream smote players and dancers to stunned silence.

"Where's me baby? Mike, Mike!"

She whirled frantically upon her husband, who burst into the room, followed by the whole house-boat clan.

"Make thim give her back, for the love of Hivin! What ye done wid her? Where's me lamb?"

Jean stumbled forward, trembling.

"What do you mean?" she began, stupidly. "You said the Dorgans had taken her—"

"I said so, yis. But they'd niver even laid eyes on her. An' Mike, he's found a lether on the dure-step—Oh, Mike, Mike!"



She staggered down on the stage steps, and broke into frenzied sobbing.

"You mean she's lost?" cried Collingwood, dazed.

"Lost, yer honor? Be readin' thot."

Lonergan thrust a grimy sheet beneath his nose. There were red sparks in his deep-set eyes; his voice was a hoarsening bellow.

"Lost, is it? Sure, I'm thinkin' some of ye or yer frinds knows more than ye's lettin' on. Who of ye boasts a child that comes up to her, say? An' if ye've took an' hid her, like that says—"

There was an ominous mutter from the crowd behind him.

"What on earth!" gasped Collingwood.

He spelled the disjointed message aloud. The guests stood back, aghast.

Your Child is in Strong Hands. She will not be Give Back untill the follwing Condishuns is carrid out. Putt your entire propparty in Gold at the foot of the big oak in the bulls pasture by 2 A M tomorrow morning. She will be returnt in good ordar. If you do not obey prepar for the Warst.

There was no signature save a sinister double X in red.

"Kidnaped!" The bishop sprang to the front, his face ablaze. "Come on, everybody! Got any fire-arms, Collingwood? You women have blankets and hot things ready. Come!"

"Easy, yer riverence." Mike's leaden fist dropped on his arm. "Ye want no revolvers at all, at all. Us bhoys is got all we'll need. All we want is—Which one of yez wrote that? For sure it's one or the other of yez what—what's took her. Now—Who?"

The gang behind surged forward, peering. There was a dreadful hush.

"Lonergan, you're beside yourself!" said Collingwood, hoarsely. "Not a soul here would harm a hair of her head. And we would n't torture you and your wife like this for the world. Some fool down at the boats has done this for a joke; we'll

take turns thrashing him when we get our hands on him. Now, I'll send for the police—"

"No, yir honor."

Collingwood winced back: Lonergan's left hand dandled a dark flashing cylinder; his right swept the crowd. "We've been afther cuttin' the tellyphone wires on our way up, gentlemen," he said, with deadly courtesy. "I'll throuble yer to start out widout yer overcoats—an' yer guns. There be enough in me own crowd. Come on."

Bareheaded, coatless, bewildered to obedience, the guests followed him out into the stark white night. Only the women stayed, a pallid company, to bend over the sobbing mother. At the door, Rutherford glanced back. His eyes met Jean's; their flash of entreaty warmed his heart like wine.

"If!" he muttered; then laughed at the poetic insolence of his hope.

"We'll divide up," said Lonergan, briefly. "Two of me own men go wid each four of ye gentlemen. Two shots is help; four, ye've found her. No, Mr. Collingwood, keep in me own crowd, sure. I've had dealin's wid ye an' yer kind befure. I'd be wishful to hold ye in range!"

Down the white gleaming forest aisles they sped, hurrying shadows. The river bound the Collingwood estate in a great coil a mile across, now full of floating ice.



DRAWN BY D. J. LAVIN

This is no human foot print.

To cross it, even in this brilliant moonlight, would be a mad risk: the thief, whether joker or maniac, would never take the chance.

The thief, forsooth! There could be no thief. It was all too absurd, too preposterous. What sane man would risk his life for Lonergan's tiny savings? And who on earth could want little red-headed Honora?

The men spread out in a great ring, encircling the estate, then beat their way slowly inwards. It was no avail. Twice they flushed a rabbit; now and then a terror-stricken bird hurtled past their faces. But there was no human trace, not even a foot-mark on the gleaming snow.

"I'm going back to see if the women have found anything," said Rutherford, shortly. He would learn nothing, he knew; but anything were better than the sight of Lonergan's drawn, anguished face.

Jean met him at the door. Her lips were parched, the lovely rose had faded from her cheek.

"Jimmy, if that child is n't found, I'll be her murderer," she said, very quietly.

Rutherford caught her cold hands: she looked past him with stern, tearless eyes.

"I was a goose, a silly Lady Bountiful, to attempt this thing. You knew it, only you were too considerate to speak your mind—And—Oh, Jimmy! You don't honestly want me. You're just trying to c-comfort me. You don't really care!"

Rutherford put her down after a long minute.

"And I thought I was n't going to have any Christmas present at all!" he whispered.

"I'm ashamed of both of us." Jean caught her breath through her tears. "The idea—when that precious child is in danger! Oh, Jimmy, can't you, can't you find her?"

Rutherford looked down into her tear-stained eyes.

"I ought to be able to do miracles now, Jean," he whispered.

He plunged away down the terraces towards the dark moving blot of men.

Lonergan's voice rang loud and shrill on the silent air.

"Joke, sir! Yis, a joke it may be, sure. But we'll have answer to that joke by day-break; we'll burn the place over yer heads, ilse. Ah, they's enough of us to do it. An' we're not afraid of the law. Where's the law that will punish a man fer fightin' ter get his child?"

Rutherford pushed on down the glittering pasture. The snow was trampled hard by many feet; he stooped and looked at the foot-prints idly, wondering at his senseless whim. Then he stood up, unsteadily, the white fields swam before his eyes.

This was no human foot-print—this huge claw-dent in the packed snow. Nor could it be made by any bird. Unless—unless—

Could that be the glint of silvery armor past the cedars?

He tore up the slope at a flying run. Silver Helmet and Dragon Claws ran, too; but their fat legs were no match for his mighty strides. Past the big barn, he overtook them. St.

George and the Dragon gurgled beneath the hand of doom on their small collars.

"Where's that baby, you scamps? Speak up, or I'll give you the licking of your lives."

St. George maintained a brazen front, but the Dragon's under-lip betrayed him.

"Bluffing won't go. And the Collingwoods don't lie." Rutherford punctuated with small shakes. "Game's up, men. You did n't cover your trail. But own up, and promise to hold your tongues, and perhaps we'll let you off easy. Hike now."

"B-b-back seat of the station wagon," gulped the Dragon. "We l-lured her away to play m-military funeral. We had a



DRAWN BY D. J. LAVIN  
Honora beamed.

candle-box on the front seat for the coffin, and Rupert was coachman, and if you don't stop c-chuckin' me, I'll tell mamma."

"You stay here. And if you tell one word of this, I'll tie you to the fence and shoot you fuller of arrows than a pin-cushion."

With a parting glare, Rutherford dashed away.

"Lonerger, we're going at this all wrong," he called, as he came within shouting distance. "Detail some men to search the house and the barns. No brute alive would keep that little thing out in this freezing air."

Lonerger shrugged his shoulders. "Thruer fer ye, Mister Rutherford. We'll do that. But, Pete, you and Morgan keep watch on the river; an' Mulcahy, don't let yir eyes off the gentlemen—nor yer hand off'n the gun."

Lantern in hand, followed by two aids, he stalked through barns and carriage-houses. Rutherford waited patiently at Mulcahy's elbow. Above the creak of snow-laden branches, the lowered voices, he could hear his heart like racing drum-beats. Would Lonerger himself find her? And—what then?

There rose a cry, a yell, a cheer. Lonerger's lantern tossed wild signals at the door.

"Come back, gentlemen all!"

His shout drowned his wife's enraptured scream.

"She's found once, the rascal! She's here!"

Throned on her father's shoulder, wee Honora beamed sleepily upon her assembled worshipers. Everybody laughed and cried and exulted; everybody marveled, in shouts which drowned the midnight cannon from the city beyond. For, by her own confession, Honora had "Runned away to play;" the mystery of her captors knew no clue.

Rutherford glanced about for Jean. She stood aloof; her face wore its high, grave look. But Rutherford went straight to her side, and drew her hand within his arm. There was no fear in him; for he had glimpsed his goddess outside her panoply.

Lonerger reached for his cap, then turned to face the men once more.

"I'm obliged to ye, gentlemen, fer yer help," he said, brusquely. "An' if it was a joke, why, the gentry must be havin' their jokes, that's thue. It do be Christmas Day, the child aint hurted, an' we bear no malice. But for that little deal of our'n, Mr. Collingwood, I guess it do be off. Business is business, an' there aint no room fer jokes in a boiler foundry. Good night to yez all. An' a Merry Christmas!"

And the house-boat brotherhood followed him stolidly down the long shining hill.

"And we never got our money nor nothin'!"

The Dragon cast himself upon his stomach with a heart-broken wail.

"Never mind," said Rutherford, picking him up with one hand. The other hand still kept firm hold of a girl whose pale cheek flared crimson beneath the astonished eyes around her. "You've come out missing, but I'll square you both. For I've made more than I know how to count, in this adventure."

"Then you've sneaked in and got the ransom yourself, you—"

Rupert whirled on him, furious.

"Rupert Stoddard Collingwood!" Mrs. Collingwood, comprehending all in one blinding instant, reeled against the wall.

"Let them alone, gentlemen," laughed Rutherford. "It's Christmas Day, nobody is hurt, and we'll bear no malice. And maybe your deal is off, Collingwood, but mine is on, and on to stay. So, good night to us all. And a Merry Christmas!"



# Clorinda: Genus Papilio

BY ETHEL SIGSBEE SMALL

Author of "In Love and War," etc

CLORINDA LIGHTLY TO CHARLES  
ARNESWORTH.

*Written on dainty, monogrammed paper,  
in a very large, even hand.*

LARTON, CAPE COD, MASSACHUSETTS.  
MY DEAR MR. ARNESWORTH:

Like a ghost from the cold, gray past, you rise to ask if I remember you. Your letter has produced upon me that effect commonly known as the shivers. "Ten years ago," you write, "we met at a sleepy little town on the Jersey coast." Ten years ago! I feel decrepitude steal upon me as I read. Why, I had stopped counting! And here, with a nonchalance that proves you conscienceless, you pin ten years upon my helpless head: not gradually as a Christian might, but ruthlessly, at one fell swoop. You do not in truth deserve to be remembered.

Still, I remember. I remember, too, that I was seventeen when I knew you, and that seventeen and ten (why was I born!) make twenty-seven. There! You know your crime.

Yes, and I remember, too, the sleepy Jersey town—though what it did to get itself remembered is beyond me—I know but one place sleepier and that is the green-clad hamlet wherein my lot is cast (my summer lot only, mark you; the first of September I go free) a charming spot for babes and invalids and old ladies—of twenty-seven.

Well, Charley Arnesworth, is it really you? I had—or thought I had—you safely stowed away with hay-rides and stage-struck days and kissing games and all the other relics of my youth. They all seem vague now and impossible. Are you trying to persuade me you actually exist?

And are you still blond-haired and tanned, and do you laugh in chuckles under your breath, and are your manners still so irreproachable, and have you, oh have you, the dimple in your chin? If you have n't don't say so—I could n't bear it.

Oh, yes, I remember you. You were

going West to live you said—very stupid I thought it at the time—said if you made a fortune you were coming back. Am I then to picture you with emerald shirt studs, a fat white diamond sparkling on your finger, and a bag of nuggets slung across your back?

Well, let me see—you wanted to know first of all if I remembered. Then you asked about my summer, what kind of a place, what sort of people. And finally you modestly requested a history of those long ten years. The first—I have answered at length—I do. As to the second—the place is stupid, the people *nil*. And now for the story of my life—No, on the whole I think that that can wait. I am not quite persuaded yet that you are real. Tell me your story, Charley. You know the ten years were your years, too.

Sincerely,

CLORINDA LIGHTLY.

Wednesday, July tenth.

CLORINDA LIGHTLY TO AGNES PHARTON.

*Written on a sheet of tablet-paper in small, hurried hieroglyphics that resemble short-hand. A blot at the top, a smudge at the bottom. Many words crossed out.*

LARTON, MASS.

DEAR AGONIES:

Remember Charley Arnesworth? Oh you do! He's the man I raved about when I was at Silverton ten years ago—the blond fellow with the dimple. I was nineteen, then; he was twenty-two. You must remember, for I wrote reams. Well, he's come to life. Wrote for news of me quite hungrily (he writes an abominable hand). Yes, it is almost a pity I'm engaged. Tell you developments as they come. You owe me a letter.

Fondly,

CLO.

Thursday, July eleventh.

CLORINDA LIGHTLY TO CHARLES  
ARNESWORTH.

*Exquisitely written. Pearl-colored paper.*

LARTON, CAPE COD, MASSACHUSETTS.  
MY DEAR MR. ARNESWORTH—nonsense!

—CHARLEY:

I should love to see you and my aunt would think you were crazy! What she would think of me had better be sheathed in oblivion. Yet I am dying for something to happen. Nothing happens; that is what weds Aunt Fannie to this place and makes me champ my bit. An automobile would set me barking with enthusiasm (my similies are getting rather mixed) and a kite or a canoe would send me into rhapsodies of joy from which I should with difficulty be restrained. Yet I don't tell you to come. Quite the contrary. You would be unutterably inappropriate. The only men Larton ever harbors are the rubber-booted, fishy variety. No, seriously, you are not to come. If you do I shall be out always, and leave you to Aunt Fannie. You do not appreciate the force of that threat, perhaps. You will if you come.

I must stop now and walk down to the postoffice. It is Larton's chief dissipation. I would not for worlds miss it.

Very sincerely,

CLORINDA LIGHTLY.

P. S. If you are going to be stubborn about it, I want to tell you that the Larton stage meets the 3:04 train and no other so if you are not inclined to exercise—the station is five, large, dusty miles from our house—you'd better make connection.

CLORINDA.

Monday, July twenty-second.

CLORINDA LIGHTLY TO AGNES PHARTON.

*Written on four different kinds of paper and the back of an old envelope. Six blots and four smudges.*

DEAR HAG-NESS:

What do you think has come to town? Charley Arnesworth! I told him not to; in fact did everything but order the police to hang a ball and chain on his very athletic leg—he's stunning in a bathing suit—but he would come.

Why did n't I want him? Well, dear, you know I am engaged and people have such foolish notions, and Aunt Fannie's are more imbecile than most. Besides, Hugh has the most disgusting way of knowing by mental telepathy—or Christian Sci-

ence—or thought waves—or whatever you call it (he calls it intuition, but I'm sure it's something deeper and nastier) exactly what I'm doing. It would be exasperating in anyone, you will admit, but in one's *fiancé* positively unendurable.

Well, in spite of my wet blanketings, Charley came. He used to think me rather nice, you know, when we were nineteen and twenty-two respectively. I was a cute thing then, was n't I Aggie? Come, own up! It's not as if I were asking you to say something nice about me now. You know my color was exceptional (past tense, Aggie, past tense) and my eyes highly decorative. I have lost a little of the color (Hugh's warranted to nag any girl's color off—he'd be useful to too florid persons, stout ladies, and full blooded men—I may advertise him if the money ever goes) but my eyes are still there. Charley noticed them first thing.

I meant to be quite frank about Charley, but when I came driving up with him, after meeting him at the station, and encountered Aunt Fannie sitting on the porch with her hair so tight back she looked like a Chinaman, and her spectacles 'way down on her nose, and her eyes boring holes at you over them, I weakened to the point of saying: "This is my cousin, Aunt Fannie," like a thief.

"Cousin, how?" was her non-rhetorical but effective rejoinder. I had forgotten for the moment that family trees are Aunt Fannie's chief vice. (The others are patchwork and tying bows on furniture.)

"On mamma's side," I said, inspired. And Aunt Fannie capitulated so far as to say "Humph!"

As for Charley, he laughed quite frankly and unaffectedly and I could have pinched him.

I had expected—or rather I had hypnotized myself that Aunt Fannie would ask him to stay for supper, but she did n't. Instead, she plied him with questions about his ancestors, which he answered at random and not at all convincingly. She said "Humph!" after each one.

He has a room at the hotel. The hotel is a barn, where they give you a stall for two dollars a day—and very bad oats. After supper he reappeared and I sug-



gested the beach by moonlight. (Think of it, Aggie, three moons have I had, and until yesterday, not a man!) But as luck would have it, who should come galumping up but that short-waisted Amelia Ames. Yes, you do know Amelia Ames. She was at Nantucket when you were. She has gray eyes and rather effective red hair—so they say, I never got past her waist. Well, I managed to let fall that we were going down to the beach, and she said, unselfishly, that she was sure she would like it immensely. It would not require an unusually deductive brain to Sherlock out the fact that we remained at home.

Why don't you write? Are you dead?—in love?—or merely a mingling of the two. I confess I never could make out what you see in Ralph.

Fondly,

CLO.

Tuesday, the twenty-third.

CLORINDA TO AGNES.

*Customary hieroglyphics; customary blots and smudges.*

"AGNES, OH MY SOUL."

A week and still no line. It would almost look as if you were offended, were it not for the very good reason that there is nothing for you to be offended about.

Well, my dear, I know you are panting with eagerness to hear about Charley. But first let me tell you that I received a letter from Hugh the day after Charley's arrival, telling me all about it! Hugh is positively uncanny. I cannot but picture our wedded bliss. He will know what my hats cost before I get them. If I go to a dance, leaving Hugh peacefully settled in bed—he hates dances—and give some peculiarly charming man five dances, Hugh will correct me when I say they numbered two. In short, all the cream-colored fibs that go to make up the charm and variety of married life, in our case will be lacking. *Miserere mei!*

His first letter was merely a statement, very much like the kind the horoscope artist gives you for your five dollars, but the second was less dispassionate. In fact its tone was tropical, its color green. It's odd, but Hugh's jealousies are never interesting like other peoples.

Charley does not know I am engaged, of course, and I see no reason yet for telling him. I always did think diamonds looked better in the box.

Amelia Ames is becoming fond of me. I don't know what I have done to deserve it. Some childish sin I imagine. She comes over in the morning and is asked for luncheon—Aunt Fannie's becoming fond of her—she comes in the afternoon, and in the evening, lo, she cometh. When we bathe she sticks closer than a barnacle, and I do verily believe she sits listening for Thomas to rattle the harness in the stable, else how can she manage to be on exact time for our drive? If Charley had not the best manners of any soul alive he'd be rude to her. There's some compensation, after all, in having none like Hugh.

Must stop—here comes Charley—perfect sight—me, not him (too hurried to be grammatical). Pitiful Heavens! Here comes Amelia behind him. Hugh, alone, is wanted to make the scene complete.

CLO.

Tuesday, July thirtieth.

CLORINDA TO HUGH SCHUYLER FALKLAND.

*Written on a damaged sheet of the monogrammed paper.*

DEAREST HUGH:

No, I would n't think of it. You know your first duty is to your mother, and she would turn up her toes and expire if you tried to bring her to Cape Cod. I think you know my opinion of a man who would kill his mother. No, be patient, and try to enjoy Newport. I could, I'm sure. Still there are worse places than Cape Cod.

Your last prognostication was wrong. I am not going for a drive with Charley Arnesworth tomorrow. It is a sail.

Now have a good time and above everything consider your mother's wishes in all things. There is no sight more beautiful than a dutiful son.

Fondly,

CLO.

Wednesday, July thirty-first.

CLORINDA TO AGNES.

DEAR AGGIE;

Charley waxeth dangerous. He is in precisely the same unsettled state as the

fire-cracker after its tail is lit. Last night he was talking of himself, his finances, his prospects. That's always dangerous.

He's really quite hard hit, Aggie, and so good-looking. It's going to be hard for me. But I always did like danger—ever since the time when I snipped off all your eyelashes (poor dear! you never had too many) and risked your mamma's wrath.

He did not make the fortune in the West he hoped to find there, and his excuse for living lies in the making of small tin boxes for sardines. Not with tacks and a hammer either, silly. His salary, I gathered, cannot be seen with the naked eye. He looked at me very earnestly—I confess to a thrill—and wondered if he had the right to ask any girl to share it. I replied: "No matter how much right you have, if you look at her like that, she probably will." That is, that was my mental response. What I actually said was something trite about love and a cottage. Imagine it, Aggie, from me!

No, of course, I don't care to live in a sardine box—I mean a cottage.

Fondly.

CLO.

Monday, August fifth.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

A thousand furies take Amelia Ames! Without a sigh would I render her up to the Red One himself, and yet—Amelia is needed. I realize it. Perhaps it is that that makes me chafe. If she should go away—not to the furies, but to Nantucket, say—there might come a time when I should wish her back again. But—well I'd like to see!

Charley Arnesworth loved me rather madly when I was the sweet young thing you won't admit I was. After ten years he cared enough to follow me hundreds of miles and live in a stable. (Did your Ralph ever do as much?) And now he cares rather more than that.

Do I like him? Yes, for a thousand things. For his smile, his courtesy—it stood the test of Amelia, even—his mind, which makes mine seem like soap-suds, and—oh yes, the dimple in his chin! In fact, Aggie, almost well enough to let Hugh perch! Almost, I said.

Charley has n't a penny, and Hugh has

quarts of them, still—Oh well, I suppose one can't have dimples and dollars, too. Why on earth don't you write?

CLO.

Wednesday, August seventh.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR AGONIES:

At last, your letter! A stingy one at that. What on earth are you talking about? Insulted Ralph? I never heard of such a thing! Why I don't think enough of Ralph to insult him. You ought to learn to keep your temper better, Aggie.

You want to know if I have told Charley yet of my engagement, and speak vaguely and feelingly about "duty to Hugh" and "leading Charley on." Know then, little friend of my youth, I have told him!

It had been the most perfect day. The morning, we had spent on the beach, and for once Amelia was eluded. It was one of those blazing mornings where you have the nice little pattern of your open-work waist done, daintily, in red on your neck and shoulders. The kind of morning that makes you question, when you sit down, the advisability of ever getting up again. That was our condition. We sat on that sand three hours.

There was no one in sight. We might have been on the moon for any signs of life. Once a sand-piper ran peeping by us, and for a moment my heart died within me—Amelia laughs with that same little peep. I learned afterwards that she had gone into Boston to shop, which explains the marvelous fact of her absence.

Charley lounged in the sand and looked too good-looking to be anything but an advertisement. I was all in white, with very fetching shoes and hat that would make you hate me. I rather thought there would be something doing, but Charley was always bashful, and anyway a beach by sunlight is the last place on earth for sentiment. After supper—yes, we did go home for supper—Charley came strolling in. There was no moon, so we stayed on the piazza. I made myself charming in the hammock and Charley perched on the railing—it takes a pretty good-looking man to be good-looking perched on a railing. From the beach came up the boom of the breakers and

from inside the house the "squeak-scratch" of Aunt Fannie's pen as she composed voluminous epistles to my mother. She writes bulletins to the poor lady every day, telling her what a horrid daughter she's got, and how if I were a child of her's—

Well, maybe I remembered your injunctions and maybe I did n't; maybe I did it just to make a sensation, or to bring what was in him, out; but anyway—I told him.

"I'm engaged," I said.

"Yes, I knew it," he answered easily.

"Oh, did you?" I asked, trying to look entranced.

Did you ever try to look entranced when you just wanted to look flabbergasted and nothing else in the world, Aggie? It's a tremendous experience.

I worked so hard with that entranced look I could n't answer for a moment; then I said vivaciously:

"Yes, I'm engaged to Hugh Falkland. Do you know him? Then perhaps you've heard of him. Lovely, isn't it? Er—um—how long have you known I was engaged?"

"Let me see," said Charley meditatively, "well, before I came up here, I knew."

"Did you?" I said sweetly, but a little flabbergaster got mixed in, in spite of myself. "Did you?" I kept saying like a phonograph. Then I remembered and turned off the crank.

Boom-thud, went a giant breaker on the beach; then hiss-s-s the foam came racing up the sands. Charley got down from the railing and took a chair near my hammock. The lamp-light fell full on him.

"While we're telling secrets," he said, and his good-looking face flushed, "I'm going to tell you one. I've got to tell somebody and sand-crabs make awfully poor listeners. You don't mind? Well, I'm engaged, too."

"Is n't it lovely!" I stammered. "A regular family party. I'm so delighted!"

He beamed, first at me, then absently at the darkness.

"Do you mind telling me her name?" I asked hilariously.

"No," he said seriously, "no, I don't mind telling you. It's Amelia—your friend, Miss Amelia Ames."

"Amelia!" I cried, unable to contain my joy. "How entrancing! Dear Amelia!"

"Is n't she," he said, fixing me with devotional blue eyes, "is n't she just that—dear. And how beautiful—how wonderfully beautiful."

"And I introduced you!" I cried, forgetting myself.

"I shall never forget it," he answered, like a prayer.

After that he waxed confidential:

"I only saw her once before I came here, but that once told me great things. It told me I had seen the one woman in the world. I did not meet her, and she left the next day. I won't tell you how upset I was—it's doubtful if I could—but finally I met friends who mentioned her name and where she had gone. To Larton, they said, on Cape Cod. I treasured that address as the one hold I had on her. Then from the same people I heard of you. You were engaged to Mr. Falkland and you were summering on Cape Cod. Where? Larton—When I first wrote you I dared hope only to hear of her, but the idea gradually filled me—why not go there?"

"Why not!" I cried merrily—oh, heavens, Aggie, you can't expect me to go through all this. It's simply too much to ask. The whole thing is stupid and absurd—That's about all, anyway.

CLO.

P. S. Tonight, as Aunt Fannie and I were dining, there was a knock and in walked—Hugh! He had taken a late train and found no stage and tramped five miles and was actually too tired to nag. His mother he had left in Newport in a state bordering on electrical frenzy.

After dinner we sat together on the piazza, and before long Amelia passed by. I asked Hugh to tell me exactly what he thought of her.

"Of whom," he said, "that plain little dump of a girl?"

After all, Aggie, there is a vast satisfaction in marrying a man with discernment.

# The Bear and the Berg

BY LEO CRANE

Author of "Fetters of Brass," etc

"Say! Did I ever tell ye how me an' Simms Foraker onct got ship-wrecked on nothin' at all, in the pure lust for a polar bear? No! Well, well! it's strange how I forget them things, life bein' so busy, an' me tryin' hard to live as much as I can without losin' all the sleep necessary to a human, which is, as near as I can figger it, fourteen hours straight, with casuatory naps meanwhile on the side."

Benson reminiscent is a strange beast. He had decoyed me over into his parlor, as he called it—a room in a cheap boarding house—on the pretext of showing me some walrus teeth; but when we got there, he suddenly remembered that he had left the teeth with his maiden aunt, who lived in Poughkeepsie, and who was "deeper 'n a post." He compromised, however, by suggesting the story of the polar bear, and as I do not believe that he ever possessed walrus teeth longer than it requires to barter them swiftly away at a profit, which was Benson's habit, why there was nothing to do but allow him to proceed in the hope of gainin' something.

"The way of it worked like a charm," said Benson, after inquiring if I possessed the lend of a cigar. "We were journeyin' across the big pond after a season's work. There was a storm, a real storm with thunder an' lightning effects, ye know, an' the bally ship took it into it's head to scare, after which the ship ran away from the storm as fast as it could, an' when the capten figgered up where he was, he did n't know. It was north som 'eres, though, for the bergs were in sight, as I remember, two of 'em."

"Say! a floatin' berg is an object, aint it! Never see one? Well! you'd think you was in the biggest ice-house you ever see'd if it was n't for the absence of the sirloin smell. Ye have to go cautious when sash-shayin' around among bergs. It aint no Pussy-Wants-a-Corner game. It's like gettin' up in the night for a drink, an' forgettin' where the rockin' chair is,

only worse, 'cause ye never wake up after the pain, an' the wife don't laugh at ye, bein' dead. Anyway, there was a gorgeous affair, a big two story and a half berg, with mansard roofs an' overhangs, an' balconies, an' inside courts, loafin' in our way, which made the capten mad but in no hurry to proceed.

"Simms Foraker gets out his spy-glass to see the thing better with, and in a few minutes he creeps in on me with the *blasé* remark:

"'There's a bear on that berg—a white bear.'

"'No!' said I, trying to remain speechless. 'He must be cold, poor chap.'

"Whereupon Simms Foraker glares at me quite vicious.

"'I sometimes think,' he says to me quite scornful, 'that you forget the business we 're engaged in,' he says.

"'What business is that?' I asks, 'cause I was just beginnin' to realize on that ship what Andrew Carnagey realized after he was too old to enjoy the answer, which the same is a rest. Simms Foraker had worked me so hard on that last trip, that honest! it hurt me to move sudden.

"'We'll have that bear,' he proposes, calm like, which is his way.

"I knew when he spoke that somethin' had to be done. An' only that I'd been in first class health right along, I'd have got sick with cramps, maybe. But Simms Foraker was determined.

"He inquires of the capten if that gentleman would smootch round them waters long enough for two expert an' world-famed animal ketchers to try their fine Eytalian hands on that bear, an' the capten said if we could nab him before sunset, he would. Otherwise, he would n't, so it was up to us to be swift an' fancy. Simms was feelin' good that morning. He estimated that the carpenter could build a big wooden cage by noon, an' that before the whistle blew at five o'clock, we two would have Mr. Bear out of his perilous, not to say cool, position.

"But there's lots o' things that can be

figgered up on paper, or in a chap's mind, which are stubborn any other way. Ever notice that? I have, many times. The difference between the paper proposition an' the workin' out to x equals 5 even, is quite like buyin' a piece o' cheese an' tryin' to get away with it. The one is economic theory, the other is digestive practice. A German has n't any theory. He's all practice. 'Sides a German has n't any imagination to speak of, an' does n't care when he dies. But, as I was saying, we sometimes feel the rose o' dawn at midnight, while seven o'clock with the alarm ringing only reminds us of the blue shades of a moist day.

"Well, we had the cage built all right, 'cause the carpenter was onto his job. Strong it was, a likely cage. Simms Foraker had an idear, I guess, that after a voyage on a berg, a bear would appreciate a nice cage like that and jest fairly crawl into it. At one o'clock, to be exact, we pushes off in a boat, a sailor-man named Jack Bolsters rowin,' an' the cage towing behind. We presumed to land on a

sort of ledge, servin' as a beach for the berg. The bear waited for us, an' solemnly retreated when he found that we did n't scare.

"We landed, or iced, to be correct, moors the boat, spends a hard laborious hour gettin' the cage hauled up on shore, or ice, to be correct again, an' then, after a brief rest, and a lunch, which only proved to us how hard we had worked, we starts to beat it after the bear. Simms Foraker had an idea that the bear would allow us to surround him, after which he would chase somebody, which that somebody would flee in the direction o' the cage. The cage we had disguised in a sort of way, an' had put some loud meat inside it. Simms Foraker hoped the bear would be curious an' hungry. Also he hoped it would be a female bear.

"But when we went to look for the livestock, it had disappeared. We hunted high, an' we hunted low—no bear. He had withdrawn into a seclusion, or a cave. We hunted some more, desperate.



DRAWN BY FRED WOODS

To try their hands on that bear.





DRAWN BY FRED WOODS

A bear would appreciate a nice cage.

An' while our attention was taking up with the bear, we forgot to notice a fog creepin' up on the berg, an' the steamer broke its whistle tryin' to attract us, but the excitement o' the chase had made us deaf to all but the noble quarry, as they say it in good English.

"To cut a long story short, the fog came down, an' when it was up, later in the evening the steamer could n't be seen for it was n't in sight. There we were, three lone men, an' one lone bear, deserted, like rats—No, like anything that's dumb fool enough to go pic-nickin' on a cake o' ice, the same as that girl they sick the dogs on in Uncle Tom's Cabin. We sits down disconsolate near to the cage, an' the bear comes an' poses in a majesty stunt on a crag above us. It was 'Desolation an' Despair,' by Anthony Berlitz, worth two thousand bones, if ye can get it.

"'My, My!' says Simms Foraker to me, 'if we only had this ice in Noo York we could put the American Ice Hoisters out o' business in a week.'

"'Yes, Yes,' says I, returnin' the compliment, an' trying to be as foolish as the next without strainin' my nerve. An' says I, 'There's another place where it would cause more comfort an' fetch a higher price. Don't ye feel airish out here in the dew?'

"Whereupon we was mournful for a long time.

"Suddenly, a large portion o' the beach, say about a nine hundred pound piece, splits off to itself an' disappears.

"'That's cheerful,' says I.

"'It aint no joke, you blamed idiot,' growls Simms Foraker, getting mad, 'What are we to do when it gets down to about a five-cent piece?'

"'An the poor bear,' said I, soft like, 'maybe he can't swim.'

"Whereupon Simms Foraker gets savage. But he cools down in a little spell; no man could stay heated up on an ice-berg. You might as well ask a mint-julep to turn coffee with two lumps in it. An' that night was the coldest I ever spent, 'cept one, which was in Aunt Cynthia's spare room up in New Hampshire. We three lone men eradicated the bait, an' slept in the cage. It was n't any too warm at that. Durin' the night we could hear five hundred pound pieces, and six hundred pound pieces, all splittin' off, an' departing adrift. Every minute I expected some one to yell 'Ice!' an' that we would be in a puddle like the office boy finds. However, when mornin' came, we found that our berg had separated itself in two at the northeast, an' that we three lone men were marooned



DRAWN BY FRED WOODS

It was desolation and despair.

on a piece about as big as a truck farm, with no ships in sight. All o' which made a chap feel easy, like a sport at the seaside, maybe.

"Simms Foraker gets right disgusted at this new separation. 'I'll bet ye, we've lost the bear,' he says.

"I never did see a man so down to his business as that Simms Foraker. Why, onct, when he had been tryin' to reduce the wet goods supply in Chicago, he got himself the finest assorted lot o' sights you ever heard tell of. An' blame me, if he was n't happy. He was took with he idear. Thought he had a cinch on the animal market. He calls me over to his bed, where the nurse had him strapped secure, an' he whispers: 'Two pink snakes with red scales, one five feet long, one nine feet eleven, also one three-headed ape, drab in color, with a green beard . . . List the lot, an' get Barnum to make an

offer. Don't you sell 'em under a thousand apiece, for they can't be duplicated anywhere.' Which they could n't. An' when he had ben doctored to a stage where he could only hear the sizzin' of crickets, he said he was unhappy, an' he fair cried for the menagerie. Fact! Where was I —Oh! Yes, but Simms Foraker was sure mistaken. That dirty white bear, lean, an' gaunt, an' sneaky lookin', was, he actooally was, on our segregation of berg. All that other piece of nice green slippery ice was n't good enough for him. No! he must come over an' help tilt our section. Wanted to lead a life of competition, maybe."

"He might have been lonely," I suggested.

"You know, I often thought that bear had a lonely look. Reminded me of a bachelor bear. But it pleased Simms Foraker.



becomes a hideous, grumbling thing. An' it's a sort of fad, too, if ye think about it, 'cause when a chap has n't got no stomach, why he sorrows, an' goes around searchin' for an odd sized one that 'll fit him. We three men on that berg had stomachs. Robust, healthy stomachs. In fact, the sailor chap, he was at that tender time o' life when the stomach gets just the slightest bit of a swell to it, an' begins to look prominent, like a bell front. All he wanted was a string tie over a white vest an' he would have looked like the skipper of a trust company, or maybe the religious end of a bank.

"Speakin' of bein' hungry, . . . but that's another story. However, Simms Foraker came to me later in the day. He looked sad an' pinched.

"Have ye noticed anythin'," he says to me.

"I feel absent," I suggested.

"It increases," he complains.

"Then he hunched up close to me—the sailor-man was off peerin' at the vacant sea, an' he whispers: 'Of course, to make it look all right, we'll have to draw lots.'

"Sure," I replies, onto him immediate, just as if he had proposed beef an' onions. 'But don't make any mistake.'

"Can't ye trust me?" he growls.

"It ain't that I'm afeerd o' myself, boss, . . . but I'm thinkin' that you might get the short slip, an' darn me, but I've got an idear that you're tougher 'n all the tough steaks in Chicago.'

"Simms Foraker grins. 'Never fear for that,' he says, complacent. An' then I remembers that in his youth he onct worked the shell end of a decent game close to a circus. Simms Foraker winks at me.

"Notice his choice cuts, over there," he says, jerking his head at the British chap.

"Prime," says I, testing the edge of my knife.

"An' so we made preparations for the feast. Don't look at me that way, pardner, 'cause you've never been marooned on an ice-berg, with a wildman-hunger gnawin' at the inside of ye, and you feelin' every minute that it 'll make a hole. We sure were hungry."

"But why did n't you go after the bear

—bear-steak is good, so I've been told often." This was my suggestion to Benson.

Benson shook his head.

"He was a strong, lusty lookin' bear, an' we had idears that he might object strenuous. 'Sides, them bears, white ones, live on fish, and their meat aint none too tempting. We picked the best that the market afforded, always, did me 'n Simms Foraker. Simms Foraker, he counted on the square fairness o' the Briton. He had read about it. Says he to me, confident: 'The Briton is fair. He may be slow, dumb, heavy, blink-eyed, an' maybe he memorizes two jokes in a lifetime; likewise, his langwidge is sure curious when ye first hear it, but, dad slam me! he is fair. You've got to admit it. The square deal policy o' the Briton is almost as wide known as Teddy's, only they don't talk so much about it. A civil service commissioner recruited from a slummin' novelist aint one-two-six with a Briton. . . . No! This short slip, which I have carefully prepared for his share o' the gate receipts, will make him beam on us two poor unfortunates with a celestial joy born of benevolence.'

"And all these words were flung on me by Simms Foraker. I wilted, but I treasured secret mistrusts. Knowin' Simms Foraker as I did, an' also knowin' his past when booster with the come-on outfit, I could n't believe that his confidence would deceive him to that degree. I lets him alone in his glory, though. But I had seen Britons before, an' they weren't none easier than a Western Maryland farmer, an' a Western Maryland farmer is the despair o' the profession. So I unravels a piece o' my sock, an' starts a private fish industry over a side of the beach. Bime-by I ketches som'thin' resemblin' fish, an' I shuts my eyes, thinks hard, an' tries to be comfortable. You don't know how easy it is to convince your poor silly stomach that it's bein' fed. Christian Science ought to begin at that end o' the game, an' they'd build bakeries instead o' memorial temples. But Simms Foraker, he goes japing ahead counting on the bloomin' uprightness o' the Briton.



DRAWN BY FRED WOODS

Him and that bear played at housekeeping.

"In about an hour, he yells: 'All hands forward to the maindeck!' The British chap was off by himself, thinking of home. The noble British tar advances. He was getting a bit fine. Simms Foraker makes a speech to us, lastin' about five minutes, weavin' into it such sentiment as—'England expects every man to do his duty!' an' such slush.

It was mighty impressive. Then he springs it.

The noble British tar agrees and there are tears in his eyes. Simms Foraker gives to me the old-time booster's glance, which meant the right hand slip for mine, an' I draws, solemn. It sure put me right back to old days again, with the corn-tassels fightin' their way up to the table, money in each hand. Then the noble British tar gives a look at his slip, takes a pike at mine, an' a peep at the one in the mitt of Simms Foraker. He breaks the quiet.

"'H'it's a steer!' he yells, ferocious, 'You're scrogging me!'

"An' with that slogan, he gives Simms Foraker a clip on the jaw with his right, an' a jab to my plexus with his left, an' he wheels, makin' for the northeast corner of the berg.

"'Hi'll take my chances with the bloomin' bear, so H'i will!' he yells, desperate. An' he did, s'welp me! Him and that bear played at housekeeping in the northeast corner for the next two days, durin' which time the ice melted to the size of a market house. And then . . . and then, well, the rest of it aint very pleasant, young fellow, so like as not, you'd rather go about the corner an' buy me a glass of beer. I don't want to put you out with your dinner."

"Oh, no!" I said to Benson, "I've got a nerve, and I'll think none the less of you for it. Go ahead."

Benson scratched his thin hair a little.

"It gets kinder hazy," he said, hesitating.

"Surely you can remember what happened after that. Why an adventure like that would remain impressed like an acid etching on your mind for all time, and yet some more."

"It did remain good an' strong for years," assured Benson, earnestly. "But you must remember that I had brain fever afterwards, and things get blurred."

"Well, think over it a minute."

Benson stared at a gorgeous red rose on the wall paper, screwed up his eye-



brows, made a grimace, gulped, and said:

"I can recall one thing distinct. The bear—he committed suicide the next mornin'. He had moped around, sniffing, an' he seemed to take a hearty dislike to the Britisher, so at last he gives a despairin' glance, whines, throws up his feet, and chutes the chutes down into the sea, from which his body was never recovered. Simms Foraker fair cried."

"And did n't the ice get smaller?"

Benson jumped a little, and took a fresh start.

"Of course it did. A piece splits off just as we advanced on the noble Briton, and as that piece swings away, he makes a leap for it, gets it, an' drifts off. We never saw him again."

"What did you do?"

"We hangs on, consolin' each other, until all the ice had melted away an' only the cage was left. We hung on to the cage. The water touched our feet, and we drew our feet up, and the cage wobbled, an' . . ."

"Well—"

Benson scowled at me.

"Is that a situation about which to yip out a feeble 'Well!' If you had let out a groan, or even sighed tender-like, you'd have proved to me that there was some sympathy in your soul, young fellow. But no; you're only a paper writer that wants to steal these horrible adventures an' make a fortune. You're a fish."

He had worked himself all up into a fret.

"But what happened to the cage?" I asked him.

"The cage?"

"Yes—that is, after you had dropped off it."

He reached for his hat, sneering: "Did I say anythin' 'bout dropping off? We hung on, drifted for two weeks, an' was finally rescued by a Canadian lumber bark, bound to Rio Janeiro with coffee on board. Aint that enough for ye? Now! come out an' buy me that beer you promised."

Whereupon I thought he had earned it.

## The Mystery of Tannenbaum

BY WM. HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "The Asphyxiation of the Gas Combine," etc.

It was midnight—a cold, crisp, moonlit midnight. Sheehan, the long, lean sergeant at headquarters, made drowsy by the inside warmth, stood just within the outer door and thrust his head into the zero, snow-shot air without. He yawned and looked up the street and then down. He yawned again, and looked again; and suddenly, two figures emerged as if beneath his very nose, leering at him as they passed.

"A couple o' drunks," said Sheehan to himself; "a couple o' Dutchmen, an' as drunk as lords."

He had caught but a glimpse of their faces as they passed—one man had been dabbling his bleary eyes with a huge kerchief.

"It aint often," admitted Sheehan to himself, "that you see a Dutchman drunk." He gazed sleepily at them in

the distance. "But—hold on," he continued, "are they drunk?" If they were, it is quite certain that they braced up exceedingly at the corner and swung around it with steadier steps. Sheehan yawned again; but when he looked again they had passed out of sight.

Within, the telephone bell was ringing with undue violence. Sheehan waited until it had spent its force and then lazily detached the receiver from its standard.

"Hello," said a thick, guttural voice, with the merest trace of excitement in it, "a man—has just been—killed."

"What!" roared Sheehan. There was no response. But through the 'phone Sheehan heard distinctly, the sound of a pistol shot; then—another.

"Hello," he yelled. There was no answer. He hung up his receiver, again detached it, and called again. "Hello—



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

He caught a glimpse of their faces as they passed

Central," he yelled; "who was it called me up?" In the course of a minute and a half he found out. Meanwhile he was still hearing pistol shots and he became aware of a commotion in the back room. But Central was telling him things. And

when she had finished, he dropped the 'phone and turned to see a squad in undress uniform behind him.

"It's—Tannenbaum's," he said, "in the old Brewster place—next door." The squad nodded. "We heard it," they responded.

"Hustle in, then," he answered, "and see that your guns are good."

The pistol shots had ceased. The reserves surrounded the old fashioned brownstone house—the only residence remaining in that portion of the town—and then they forced the basement door. Slowly and cautiously they moved through the basement and worked up to the first floor. Haggerty, leader of the three men inside, whose lantern was nervously active, suddenly pounced upon a white object lying on the floor near the foot of the main stairs of the house. He stooped to pick it up and then, with an oath, drew back. His fingers stuck to it. He bent his light upon it once more. It was smeared with blood—a single sheet of heavy paper, folded once and smeared with good, red, blood. He grasped it gingerly and turned to his men. "Come on," he said. Half a minute later they had entered, on tiptoe, the big front room on the second floor, lit as it was by a cold moon through three large windows; they had drawn back instantly and huddled in the hall, but for an instant, and then Haggerty, groping, had switched on suddenly, the electric light within.

And there was the thing they sought. Haggerty looked for an instant and swore softly under his breath.

"It's—murder," he gasped. For there, across a long low lounge lay the body of a man. His very attitude was disordered, as if he had been flung there after death. Gingerly Haggerty turned the body over, and again drew back.

"It's—Tannenbaum," he gasped, again. Hurriedly they took note of the condition of the man. There had been a struggle. The man done to death was tall; heavy, though not stout; smooth shaven, but with indications of a heavy beard; and a man of wonderfully powerful frame. His clothes were torn almost from his back. Upon his white shirt there was a single drop of blood, and upon his right wrist there was another. The room was disordered; a small safe in the corner had been rifled. Upon the floor was a huge wallet—as empty as the safe. A desk by the window had been broken open and its contents, such as were left, were scattered on the floor.

Haggerty, suddenly recalling the blood-stained paper he had picked up downstairs, drew it from his pocket and examined it. It bore a seal in one corner—a heavy one. On one side it was blank; on the other half printed, half written. Haggerty scratched his head. "Thunderation," he said, "what do you make of that." They looked on. The printed and the written portions were so much Greek to them—pot hooks and hieroglyphics, so they seemed. Haggerty nodded.

"It's Hebrew—that's what it is, I think. It's as near to that as anything. Hebrew—like the Jew newspapers. That's what it is, for sure." The rest shook their heads. They weren't sure. It had them guessing, so they thought. "That's blood all right, though," they commented, touching it.

"Ah," whispered Haggerty, "and *where* did it all come from. That's the point. . . . What 're we thinkin' of. Come on, boys," he whispered again, "we 've got to get—*our man*." If, indeed, there was a man to get. Emboldened by the excitement, they dashed through the house from top to bottom. Every room was open save one upon the second floor, half way down the hall. Its door was of thick oak. The squad paused a moment outside, and then, suddenly dashed their weight against it. As they did so, another pistol shot rang out. It did not feaze them. An instant later the door had yielded to a third assault and they tumbled helter skelter into the room. It was empty, and though dark when they had forced the door, now it was ablaze with electric light. Haggerty saw it all in a glance. "Get out o' range, boys," he whispered, nodding toward the closet door. They lined themselves against a wall and trained their guns upon a given spot. Haggerty strode to the closet, took a firm hold upon the door knob and wrenched it open.

"Hands—up!" he yelled.

Inside was a big, broad shouldered man, heavy of countenance. In his hand he held a revolver which still smoked. His eyes blinked in the light, and he glanced at the faces of the policemen keenly enough, and yet apparently with a stupid glare. He sighed, seemingly with relief.

He was quivering with excitement rather than with fear.

"It is—you," he said, impersonally, to the squad at large. Haggerty wrenched the revolver from his grasp and still holding him at arm's length, scrutinized his face.

"You're the coachman," he said; "you're Tannenbaum's servant—are n't you?"

Haggerty made a sign to his men which they understood. Pouncing suddenly upon the man they dragged him into the room where lay Tannenbaum—or the Thing that had been Tannenbaum. They thrust him, suddenly, almost upon the body. It did not startle him. He looked down upon the lifeless Thing with curiosity, complacency, indifference—not fear.

"What did you do it for?" yelled Haggerty fiercely, jerking him this way and that.

The coachman merely shook his head and struggled his shoulders. "I," he answered, "I am under arrest. I shall say—nothing. Nothing at all. Why should I?"

They left a guard in the house and took their prisoner, just as he was, back to Sergeant Sheehan. "So he did it with this," said Sheehan, handling the prisoner's gun. For the first time, then, it occurred to them that the murder had been *weaponless*. Tannenbaum had been done to death with muscular fingers and not with metal.

"What in thunder then," commented Sheehan, "did this chap shoot for, anyhow?" Haggerty, the leader of the squad, was busy, making an exhaustive search of the prisoner. Suddenly—

"Boys," he cried, "look here."

He was holding in his hand another folded paper, white and unstained by blood. It had been found in an inside pocket of the prisoner's waistcoat. It was of wonderful significance, for word by word, pothook by pothook, hieroglyphic for hieroglyphic, it was a duplicate of the other folded, blood-stained paper with the heavy seal. Sergeant Sheehan looked at both of them and agreed with Haggerty.

"It's Hebrew writing all right," he said; "we'll ask Max." They called in Max,

a young Hebrew roundsman, born and brought up in New York. He looked the papers over. He shook his head. "I know Hebrew all right," he told them, "this ain't no Hebrew writing." He laughed. "I'm thinking that it's Irish," he concluded.

"Get out with you," exclaimed Haggerty.

But these two papers, stained and unstained, were not the only things they found upon the prisoner that night.

"Holy Moses," commented Sheehan to himself, when they had finished their exhaustive search, "we ought to have a regiment to guard this stuff. I don't blame the man for killin' for the like o' *this*."

For—strapped to the body of the burly, silent prisoner, was a money belt, *marked with the name of Tannenbaum*. It was a money belt with money in it—much money; nearly *one million dollars* in crisp new bills of large denomination. There were two documents neatly typewritten in the English language—documents as damning as was the possession of the money belt.

Sheehan sniffed. "It's complete, lads," he said, holding up the blood-stained paper and its counterpart. "These here are the clue and the connection." He lifted the money belt and its papers and dropped them. "And this here," he added, "is the motive."

They took their prisoner down stairs and locked him up. His name was Oscar Bernhardt. The next day Sergeant Sheehan placed the cash in a safe deposit box, and turned all the papers in the case, together with the typewritten statement of the reserves, over to Thorneycroft, county prosecutor, for action upon them by the grand jury.

Thorneycroft carefully read the story, and as carefully examined the documents. The further he investigated the wider he opened his eyes.

"A clear case," he told himself. Then, carelessly, after the manner of county prosecutors, he thrust the evidence into a pigeon hole and then went out to lunch. Meantime, of course, the morning papers had had the story—had scattered it broadcast; the story of the murder of Tannen-



baum by strangling, the discovery of his murderer shooting off unexplainable pistol shots at random, and the mystery of the stained and unstained documents with seals.

Thorneycrofts' official quarters were not well situated. They were hopelessly entangled with the grand jury room, the office of prosecutor's clerk, the witness rooms. Constantly, was there a stream of people going in and out, witnesses for the grand jury, reporters, loungers.

Thorneycroft, county prosecutor, came back from lunch. . . . When he next pulled out the papers in the case of Tannenbaum, two of them were missing—the stained and unstained documents with seals. They were gone.

"Some fresh reporter," Thorneycroft told himself, "who wants a facsimile." But no facsimile ever to this day has appeared in print; the originals never were returned.

"Not so important, though," Thorneycroft comforted himself, "as—these." He tapped the two typewritten documents, which had not even been disturbed. "The case is complete."

Tannenbaum, the murdered man, had been a stranger in Monroe. He had taken up his quarters in the old mansion next to headquarters, one that had remained unoccupied for years. He was a strong, healthy, alert, man, and—commonplace. What his business may have been, was not apparent. He left his house frequently, and was gone days at a time. One thing was significant. Wherever he drove, wherever he walked, or whenever he remained indoors, he was accompanied always by the man Bernhardt, coachman, bodyguard, butler, *major domo*—man-of-all-work. Bernhardt had seemed ever to cling to Tannenbaum with steady persistence. But for the fact that Tannenbaum seemed a man of astute appearance, of conventional, every day habits of life, and without any apparent weakness, one would have said that Bernhardt, his *major domo*, was gaining some kind of evil influence over his master.

"He gained it all right," thought Thorneycroft, toying with the typewritten

documents, and thinking of the money-belt. "Here is the proof."

"What do you think, Thorneycroft," asked the clerk of the grand jury.

"The motive stands unquestioned," answered Thorneycroft, "the proof is clear."

"The pistol," protested the other, "and—the blood. There was n't a drop upon the prisoner, you know."

"Blinds—every one," declared Thorneycroft. "So were the sealed papers. Blinds—the whole thing. It's the case of a servant—not without a precedent—who has, hypnotically, it may be, steadily bled his master of his wealth until, death by violence is the logical result. The case of Brathwaite in New York, two years ago, was of the same kind. That was the case of a secretary who used chloroform after his master had given him everything he had; after Brathwaite had momentarily waked to find that he had been a fool. Then, at the psychological moment—chloroform. This man, Oscar Bernhardt, is an imitator. That's all. It's murder in the first degree. That's sure."

Meanwhile, William Westervelt, gamester-lawyer, had been contemplating the case with less interest, perhaps, than any other man in the city of Monroe. Murder, as a rule, did not interest him. In the majority of murder cases, there was no law, and, as a rule, no game. And the murder of Tannenbaum seemed all too clear. Westervelt was surprised, therefore, to receive a summons from the guilty man, the suspected murderer, Oscar Bernhardt. He obeyed it, and strode up to the county jail. He saw Bernhardt. The accused looked him over carefully. It seemed as if he, Westervelt, were on trial, instead of the accused.

"I send for you," said Oscar Bernhardt slowly, "to act, for me, in my defense. How now?"

Westervelt opened his eyes. "Why—for me?" he queried, "why not for Cowen, or for Abercrombie. They are the crack murder men of Monroe."

Oscar Bernhardt shrugged his shoulders. "I had no money," he replied. Westervelt nodded. He understood. The Tannenbaum millions had been impounded, and there would be no good





DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

In his hand he held a revolver which still smoked.

counsel fee, and where no good counsel fee—no good counsel. "You will—take the case," asked Oscar Bernhardt, "eh?"

Westervelt nodded again. "Tell me all about it?" he said. But the big prisoner merely shook his head and showed his teeth.

"I shall tell you—nothing," he replied.

Westervelt sniffed and shrugged his shoulders. "I'll find out then," he answered; "that bloody paper and its counterpart are worth looking up. In those two, lies the whole—defense."

Oscar Bernhardt glanced at him with intelligent eyes; the glance was one, so it seemed to Westervelt, of approval. But once more the prisoner shook his head, and then grasped Westervelt fiercely by the shoulder.

"You—leave them alone—*those papers*," he said, "you must forget those papers. They are for the government. They are not for us. We must know nothing of them. We must *say* nothing of them. No, no."

He shuddered slightly as he spoke. Westervelt squinted his eyes. "What is your game?" asked Westervelt. The big man glanced about him hastily.

"*Delay*," he whispered, "de—lay. De—lay. So. *Delay*."

Westervelt saw that there was no uncertainty about him. He meant what he said. And Westervelt knew that *his* part was the part of blind obedience. Here was a mystery—a game. But it was not for him to unravel. He merely must obey an intellect that—*knew*.

"*Delay*." That was the sum total of his task. It was not given him to ferret out the intricacies of an ingenious defense.

The spring term approached—was reached. The trial came on, in the presence of most of the bar, and as many of the population of Monroe as could be squeezed into the court room. Besides, it was the first murder case of Thorneycroft, the young, new, reform, county-prosecutor. The *élite*, Thorneycroft's best friends, were out in force to see him try it. It was an event, and not an incident.

William Westervelt, sharpening a lead pencil, glanced casually about the court room. "*Jehosaphat*," he whispered suddenly, to himself, "there's Aline Wilkin-

son." He was right. There was Aline Wilkinson and Aline Wilkinson's aunt. They were nodding to Thorneycroft. Westervelt smiled.

"Thorneycroft is laying pipes," he told himself, "he wants his grandstand plays to be appreciated. Seeing is believing."

And then he thought, and sickened as he did so, of the part he would have to play in the trial of this case—a part that required the utmost *finesse*—a *finesse* which none could see, none could understand.

"*Delay*." That was the keynote for William Westervelt.

Thorneycroft, watching Aline Wilkinson out of the back of his head, made a brief, though ostentatious opening to the jury. "Motive—motive—motive." That was the burden of his song.

"The money belt of Tannenbaum," he told the jury. "Yes. But much more. This is a more subtle case than at first blush it seems." He picked up the two typewritten documents on which he pinned his faith. "One of them, gentlemen," he told the jury, "the absolute transfer of all the property rights of Tannenbaum, the master, to Bernhardt, the servant. The other, gentlemen, the last will and testament of Tannenbaum, the master, in favor of Bernhardt, the servant. Bernhardt, the servant, had in his possession the cash; he had, by this instrument, the legal right to all the wealth of Tannenbaum. He had by *this*, a double right to all that Tannenbaum possessed, after the death of Tannenbaum. . . . But, between Bernhardt and the untrammelled prosperity which this possession and these documents promised him, stood the living intellect of Tannenbaum; dormant and unsuspecting for a time, but capable of waking to a realization of the situation; capable of revoking all that Bernhardt had made it do. Gentlemen . . . that intellect did awake, and on that night when it rebelled, Tannenbaum was stricken down."

Oscar Bernhardt, the prisoner, nodded slowly as the speech went on. He seemed satisfied. And Thorneycroft, county prosecutor, started out to prove the case that he had outlined. He seemed to forget, to the abundant satisfaction of Westervelt, that he was trying a murder

case, where the burden of exact justice and great care rests upon the shoulders of a district-attorney. Thorneycroft, county prosecutor, was nothing, if not partisan. He wanted—verdicts. The court, too, was prejudiced against the criminal classes; was, as a rule, willing to assume that the grand jury usually was right when it indicted, and that a man had been tried before he appeared in court. The judge was a hanging judge. Westervelt was glad to realize this fact. "With Thorneycroft and the court against me . . ." he whispered to himself.

But Thorneycroft was dashing ahead, getting out the story dramatically, making, as Westervelt had told himself he would, a grand-stand play.

Westervelt, faltering, an individual upon whose countenance was written hesitation and discouragement, rose fifteen or twenty times during the direct examination of the witnesses for the State.

"Objection," he would say, perfunctorily, and without arguing the point, "on the ground that the question is immaterial, incompetent, and irrelevant."

The judge would frown. "Any particular ground, Mr. Westervelt?" he would inquire.

Westervelt would shake his head.

"Overruled." And Westervelt would sit down for the twentieth time, quashed, squelched, sat upon. When his time came, his cross-examinations were long and wandering, and apparently purposeless; and to this cross-examination, Thorneycroft's objections were legion, and were invariably sustained.

The laymen looked each other in the eye. "Thorneycroft's a cracker-jack," they told each other, "but what's the matter with Billy Westervelt." It is quite possible that Aline Wilkinson was asking herself the same thing.

The flush of triumph and success was upon the face of Thorneycroft as he finally sat down.

"The prosecution rests," he said. He leaned toward his clerk and whispered: "We've got 'em." His clerk shook his head.

"We did n't bring out that—*blood*," he whispered back, "they'll prove that in their defense."

"The prosecution rests," repeated Thorneycroft. There was a stir in the court-room. The Court looked over its spectacles in the direction of William Westervelt.

"Go on with the defense."

Westervelt rose with the pallor of dissatisfaction and of failure upon his face.

"I offer no evidence," he answered, and sat down. He immediately rose again, for it was his duty, as the counsel for the prisoner, to sum up, first—and he was going to sum up on the case made by the prosecution. That case was a cast-iron one, and he knew it. His address to the jury was languid, inartistic, puerile. He did not spend fifteen minutes on the subject. He sat down. . . . Thorneycroft's summing-up electrified the crowd. It was a masterpiece, careless as to fact, careful as to effect. And the effect was what he wanted.

From the front ranks of the spectators Aline Wilkinson was watching the two men. There had been something in Westervelt's manner that she could not fathom—could not understand. He seemed as mysterious as was his client. But, now, she was lost, swallowed up in the eloquence of Thorneycroft, master of the situation—Thorneycroft, the man, who knew, apparently, how to say things and to do them. The spectators listened in silent admiration. Only one or two hardened old lawyers seemed unmoved.

The court charged the jury—*against* the prisoner. As the charge continued Westervelt's face broke into a smile—at one point he came near to laughing outright. In the midst of it all he shot a glance at Aline Wilkinson, and in his eyes, upon his face, she saw apparent victory. She could not understand.

The verdict was "Guilty." There could be no other. The cheek of Bernhardt paled but for an instant; then he turned and shook hands effusively with his counsel. "You—did—it," he exclaimed.

On his way from the court-room Westervelt brushed against Cowen of Cowen, Covington & Black. Old Cowen smiled. "Good boy," he whispered. Westervelt was startled. "What," he asked, "did you follow it?" Cowen laughed long and



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

"I'm thinkin' it's Irish," he concluded.

loudly. "Sure," he answered, "you'll get a reversal on any one of fifty points. Follow it. I should say I did. It was one of the cleverest games I ever saw."

Westervelt flushed with pleasure. This was appreciation of the real kind. "Thorneycroft did well," he said to Cowen.

"Ha-ha-ha!" burst out Cowen, "Lord save us. Thorneycroft!"

Inside, Aline Wilkinson was congratulating Thorneycroft. But still—she did not understand. Neither did Thorneycroft. Neither did the court, until—

Some six months later (or even more than that) the opinion of the appellate court came down; an opinion that took little pains to spare the court and Thorneycroft for their carelessness and unjudicial handling of an important case. "The defendant," said the court above, "*could* have been convicted upon one-third of the evidence, had the district attorney presented it with but ordinary caution. But now—who can say upon *what* facts the jury found its verdict; those properly within the case, or those improperly admitted; or, because of an over-enthusiastic judicial charge. Conviction reversed. New trial ordered."

"Delay."

For the first time the public began to understand that Westervelt, the gamester, had been playing a game right under their noses, and they never knew it—could not see it. And old Monroe girded its loins toward the new trial; and the new trial approached. And Westervelt went to his client once more.

"It's business this time," he said; "now you had better give me the facts." His client nodded understandingly. He turned to a small pile of daily papers, which he had perused with care, day after day. He pointed out a small paragraph which Westervelt read. It had no relevance, so it seemed to him.

"Well, what of it?" he inquired.

"Now," said Oscar Bernhardt, "because of that I shall tell you all the facts. Now we can make defense."

Two months later Thorneycroft rose, with less of assurance in his manner than before, before a judge who was abashed by the stigma placed upon him by an all-wise appellate tribunal. Thorneycroft put in his case, and rested. Westervelt was listless, still; he heard the testimony for the state and gave no sign. At its

close he rose lazily and glanced out across the court room. He did not even address the jury upon the subject of the defense he was to make.

"I shall call but one witness," he said to the court.

"Call him," directed the judge. Again Westervelt's eye roved over the crowd within the room.

"*Isidor Tannenbaum*," he cried. The crowd started. For the name that he had mentioned was the name of the murdered man.

"*Isidor Tannenbaum*," repeated Westervelt, "take the witness stand." There was a pause. Then the *prisoner* rose slowly, strode forward, and stood by the witness chair. He was sworn. He took his seat. Westervelt looked him in the face. "What is your name?" he asked.

"My name," answered the prisoner slowly and with great distinctness, "is Samuel Sabozonoff, sometimes called Sazonoff."

Thorneycroft leaped to his feet. "What is this?" he cried. "You call Tannenbaum to the witness stand; the prisoner takes it; and then he says that his name is Sazonoff. What does it mean?"

Westervelt smiled. "It means, Mr. Prosecutor," he answered, "that I am proceeding with the defense in this case and must not be impeded." Thorneycroft sat down.

"Samuel Sazonoff," went on Westervelt, "where were you born?"

"In Moscow," answered the prisoner.

"How long have you resided there?" asked Westervelt.

The prisoner leaned forward, and in that movement he shook from him, as in the twinkling of an eye, the shadow of the jail. It was a difference that all could see and understand. "All my life," he responded, "save during five years of my youthful education in London and Berlin."

"Is Sazonoff the only name you have had or have assumed?"

"No," answered the witness, "I have assumed two others—one, the name of Tannenbaum—the other, the name of Oscar Bernhardt."

Westervelt kept on. "Were you present in the Main-street house last winter at the time of the murder of a man?"

"I was."

"What was *his* name?"

"Emanuel Saratov," answered the witness.

"Had he assumed one of the names which you had assumed?"

"He had."

"What was his business?"

The prisoner leaned forward once more and hesitated but for an instant.

"He was a—Russian spy," he answered.

The audience rustled with expectation. Westervelt laughed in his sleeve. "Samuel Sazonoff," he said, "be good enough to tell your story to the jury."

The prisoner nodded. "Up to July of last year," he began, with just a trace of foreign accent, "I was a manufacturer of woolen cloth in Moscow. I employed from ten to fifteen thousand hands, men, women, boys, and girls. I am a Jew, but was, nevertheless, up to that time a staunch supporter of my government. At the opening of the war—our war, I gave to my government for use in its Japanese campaign, one million roubles' worth of woolen cloth. Worked into this cloth was my special mark—the war mark of Sazonoff." He stretched forth his hand and took from Westervelt a piece of cloth and passed it to the jury.

Thorneycroft rose, with an objection on his lips, but, recalling the appellate tribunal, he sat down again, under the bland smile of Westervelt.

"Weeks after that contribution," went on the witness, "my government inquired of me why I had not contributed to the war fund. I replied that I was quite willing to do so, further, if I were allowed to have a representative upon the committee which had the expenditure of money. The Grand Duke Ser—" here the witness paused, flushed, and immediately went on. "*He* who interrogated me," he corrected, "angrily asked me what I meant, and I told him that my million roubles' worth of cloth which I had donated, instead of finding its way into the army, had found its way, instead, into the Moscow shops *for sale*. I alleged corruption—I went into detail. The Gr—, my interrogator became enraged. . . . He immediately gave me



the alternative of further contributing on his terms or of accepting my passport. I chose the latter alternative, returned to my office, and ordered my factories with 15,000 hands, shut down. It was a catastrophe in Moscow. The government was disturbed. I was called to St. Petersburg. There I saw von Pl—," he stopped again. "There I saw one of His Majesty's ministers. I was adamant. I was angry. I had heard too much, knew too much of the governor and the minister. I had a tumultuous session with the minister—a stormy scene, witnessed by a few, heard of, by many. I returned to Moscow. He followed."

"What happened?" asked Westervelt.

"Rumor had it that the Minister was on his way to Peterhof when assassinated. This was untrue. He was on his way to Moscow to follow me, and to interview the Governor of Moscow, my first interrogator, with whom he was hand-in-glove. On his way, in St. Petersburg, he fell victim to a bomb. The world knows the rest."

"By whose hand?" queried Westervelt.

"By the hand of a man," answered the witness slowly, "of the name of *Sazonoff*—a man of my name; a man in no-wise related to me; one of whom I had never heard. But—it was enough. It was the opportunity of the Grand—, of the Governor of Moscow. I had threatened to reveal corruption to His Majesty. I was obnoxious. My *name* was the excuse. It was unsafe for me to remain. I sold out to a Muscovite who had offered time and time again to buy my business, turned my securities into cash—left. But, I was a dangerous man. Outside of Russia I might tell tales which I dared not tell within. . . . Unknown to me the minions of the governor and of the assassinated man were following me, with instructions to steal my documents, and to silence me by the only means—*death*."

"In New York I took the name of Tannenbaum, my mother's family name. I am a lover of ease, and took a servant, who applied to me for work. He was Goldstein—apparently a Hebrew, I took lodgings and lived at my ease. I had removed my Russian beard. I was safe—so I thought, because I suspected nothing.

. . . It was three weeks later that I came upon Goldstein ransacking my private papers. I came upon him from behind and knocked him senseless with one blow. I ransacked *his* papers and found out. He was a spy, with instructions on his person. . . . We Jews of Russia are not without cunning. There were two who could play at a game. I stripped him of every vestige of identity—handed him to the New York police, appeared against him, and he was incarcerated for attempted larceny. His letters told me of the impending arrival of another spy—to help. It took me but an instant to make up my mind. . . . I met this new man at the pier; secretly exhibited to him my credentials and took him into my confidence. He had been sent over because the New York papers had begun to talk—about corruption. It was supposed I was behind it. I was not. This new man was Saratov—Emanuel Saratov, the murdered man; a shrewd Russian, but no American. He had fanciful ideas about American life and customs. Believing me to be Goldstein, he trusted me. He assumed me to be his superior in the secret service; he was to follow my directions. I determined to keep by his side—to watch his every movement. He became Tannenbaum by name—I Bernhardt, I, keeping, nevertheless my wealth and taking from him instruments to prevent mistake. For even then I was erecting bulwarks for future safety. I led him by the nose. Day after day we attended, in New York, the meetings of the Russian Jews. I picked out for him among the mass of those men, the Samuel Sazonoff that he was instructed to follow. At least, so he thought. Clues were many, so he agreed. We followed up this *pseudo* Sazonoff. He little suspected, did Saratov, that Sazonoff was by his side, Sazonoff, the man who knew too much; who must be silenced. As time went on, I became fearful that the government, or rather the governor, would become impatient, when the failure to find Sazonoff would provoke inquiry. The time came sooner than I had thought. Goldstein, the man who trailed me first, was released from the New York jail. He communicated

with St. Petersburg. In due time St. Petersburg responded with another secret-service man, minion of the Grand—, the governor, another desperate character. Goldstein had a score to settle with me, too. He doubled his vigilance, and found me in Monroe—where, for safety's sake, I had taken an abode next to your police. The two men found me, saw me, made

save that I was powerful and fought for my life. They took it—my life. Not mine, but that of Emanuel Saratov. Who was Emanuel Saratov, this powerful man who rained blow after blow upon the nostrils of the muscular Goldstein until they bled and bled? They thought it was I. It was Saratov—their fellow of the secret-service. It was the irony of



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHJOK

"You will take the case?"

inquiries; knew that I was Tannenbaum. But—they did not know that I was posing as the servant, Saratov as the master. And, they did not know Saratov. Gentlemen, it is impossible to escape men like Goldstein when behind him stands the Grand Du—, the Governor of Moscow. In the dead of night they entered my house, sought me in the room that they knew belonged to the master of the house, killed me, as they supposed, in the darkness. They might not have killed,

fate. . . . I saw all this, as I saw all that Saratov ever did, through my spy-hole in a darkened closet."

"Why," asked a juror, "did you not interfere to save the life of this man Saratov?"

The prisoner nodded energetically. "It would have been suicide," he answered, "Goldstein might have recognized me. If so, Saratov himself would have turned against me. It would have been *three* against one. . . . They struck down

Saratov; they robbed him of his papers, such as he had; he had none of mine. They left, only to reappear later, to filch from the county prosecutor two papers left behind. They had done their work, and done it well. . . ."

"Those two papers," asked Westervelt, "what were they?"

"The one taken from my person," answered the prisoner, "was the first governmental commission from St. Petersburg, to the man Goldstein in New York. I took it from Goldstein in New York, and kept it upon my person. The second, which in some manner Goldstein had dropped, after accidentally smearing it with the blood from his nostrils, was the substitute. Necessarily they were identical. Necessarily they were printed in the language of the country which had issued them."

"Why did you shoot?" asked the court. The witness shrugged his shoulders. "Obviously," he answered, "to scare from my house my enemies. They went. They had accomplished their object and they went. That is all." He turned to the jury. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am not a murderer. I am a manufacturer—of Moscow."

"Have you proofs of what you say?" asked Westervelt. For answer the witness pointed to the table. There was a photograph, and a batch of papers bearing a foreign seal.

"Within the last two months," went on the witness, "you have obtained these for me from my government. My government has certified to the truth of such things as it knew."

Westervelt offered them, exemplified copies of commissions, passports, and of every official paper which the Russian government, in its discretion would furnish. "Here," said Westervelt, "is a photograph taken from the Rogues' gallery in Manhattan. I show it to you. Of whom is it a likeness?"

"Of the spy—Goldstein," answered the witness.

Sergeant Sheehan, seizing it studied it long and earnestly. He never forgot faces. "It's the drunk," he said, "it's one o' the drunks—that *weren't* drunks—that passed my place that night."

Westervelt still went on; the case was not complete. "Why," he asked, "did you not tell all these things upon your former trial?"

The witness shrugged his shoulders. "I might better, *then*, have taken the chance of the American gallows, than have my footsteps dogged by Russian murderers on the streets. I did not, because I was afraid."

"Why do you tell them now?" The witness laughed. "I was followed," he answered, "because, officially I was supposed to be an enemy of the government; really because I was an enemy of von P—, of the minister and my governor. What follows is public property. The minister of the interior and my governor have gone to their graves. Their murderers have been rewarded with short sentences. So it is said, at least—and who can tell? Why? Because the government has at last discovered that *they*—that minister and my governor—were spies and enemies of the administration—on a grand scale. The government has changed its mind since it found out. It has called off Goldstein and the other—all of them. That is all."

"How were you able," persisted Westervelt, "to get these records from St. Petersburg. Why did they furnish them?"

The witness showed his teeth. "It is not every man that employs fifteen thousand hands in Moscow," he answered, "and pays roubles and roubles and roubles into the government at Moscow. It is a commercial transaction. I was a big commercial asset in Russia, and—and Russia wants to get me back; that is all."

But he never went back. After the inevitable verdict he remained in Monroe, set up a factory and paid his American roubles into the city treasury. . . .

As the crowd filed out that day, many of Westervelt's acquaintances tapped him on the back. "He laughs best who laughs last," they said to him. But Westervelt only shook his head. "My client tried his case *this* time," he said. On the way he met old Cowen once more. "Sorry," said Cowen, "that you did n't have a chance to distinguish yourself this time as you did before."

Westervelt only laughed.

# A Two-Handed Game

BY MARY BUELL WOOD

Author of "The Nick of Time," etc.

"How I wish someone would propose to me; I shall soon be forgetting how to act."

If she had not been so young and so distractingly pretty, nothing could have excused it. What if she had known me all her life? However, dimples go a long way—

"But is there time before the curtain goes up again?"

"How nice of you. Perhaps it would be more effective after we get back. There's a rarebit waiting for us, you know."

"How about Tom? Won't he be in the way?"

"No, he's out late tonight."

A newspaper man can generally be depended upon for some things.

Peter was still waving his farewells from his treetop as we left the theater, and long before he had finished them, we were in a hansom rolling swiftly along the Great White Way to the apartment on the park.

The rarebit was, as Patty had said, waiting. All his ingredients were laid ready to hand in Tom's den: the cheese, mustard, paprika; the bread neatly cut for toasting. Under the chafing dish the water was soon at boiling point, and Patty, having tossed off her white coat and fluffy hat, I was about to commence operations—

"Oh I forgot! Shall I do it now—or after the rarebit?"

"Have n't we too much in our minds now?"

Accordingly I fell to. The cheese melted into just the right creaminess, the toast appeared just in time for it; our handiwork was meant to be appreciated—and it was.

"Perhaps," I said a little later, "this would be a good time."

"Well, if you're sure you don't mind."

"Not at all. Please turn a bit so I can see your eyes." They were blue and could talk.

"Are you ready? It's really, awfully good of you."

"One moment. Am I doing this be-

cause you want to hear the words, or because you want to hear me say them?"

Did she have the grace to blush?

"You're wandering from the point; this is simply for practice. Please begin."

"How can I do myself justice in cold blood?"

I was indeed wandering. But the way her reddish gold hair waved in heavy masses over her temples, and then drew away from behind her little ears, seemed to be about all I could pay attention to at the moment.

"Never mind that. Say what you usually do."

"But I never say it the same way twice."

"Well, can't you remember one?"

"Oh yes! How's this: Will you marry me? No mistaking the point."

"But there's no chance for practice in that—only plain 'yes' or 'no'."

"Suppose you give me some idea of how you would like it done?"

"Oh no! that would n't be original."

"Then it is my style you want."

That certainly was a blush—a most becoming blush too.

"You won't be serious, so it's no use."

"Oh yes it is. Let me try again. But don't blame me if you don't like it; remember you drove me to it. I never would have ventured to think of such a thing. Of course I've no chance—I'm so much older—I know I'm a fool—but you've tempted me beyond my strength—How's that?"

"I—I—that's very good—but—"

"Oh that's only the beginning. I had no idea of letting you, you know; but a man can't stand everything—and now you've led me on, I'm going to speak. I know you never could care for me—but you shall know how I feel—"

"Mr. Bleecker—I—this is really awfully good as a joke—"

"Joke—yes—I dare say it is to you who could lead me on to such a betrayal—fool that I am—I should have gone long ago—"

"But Mr. Bleecker—please wait—Can it be possible that I have misunderstood

you? You don't really mean—you can't—"

"No, of course I don't mean it—and you'll forget all about it—and tomorrow you can try the same experiment on some other fool."

"But please don't go away angry—I never dreamed—of course it was only a stupid joke—not an experiment at all—won't you please forgive me?"

"Oh—forgive—don't think of it again—it's all my fault for letting myself in for such a thing."

I seized my hat, and rushed out of the door, just as Tom had his key in the lock. These brothers never turn up when they're wanted. Now why could n't he have come in a few moments sooner?

I hurried back to my rooms, got into my smoking jacket and slippers, threw myself into the deep cushioned chair, drawn up beside the lamp by the well trained Rogers, with my pipe, tobacco pouch, and Scotch and soda where I could n't fail to lay my hands on them, and then abandoned myself to smiles.

I flattered myself that Patty was pretty busy guessing just about then. She was a scandalous little flirt and for a long time had been just spoiling for a good lesson. It was clearly given over into my hands to teach it to her. Girls left to the care of a brother need pruning. Mine might be the duty of reforming Patty. If it should be so, I was not the one to shrink from the task.

The next morning brought me the first fruits of my philanthropy. It came by messenger boy, and it read:

DEAR MR. BLEECKER:

I can't tell you how ashamed and distressed I am. I cried all night about it. Won't you please forgive me and let things be as they were before? I don't want to lose my good friend.

Most sincerely yours,

MARTHA WILLISTON.

Thursday Morning.

To which I hastily replied:

MY DEAR MISS PATTY:

Please think no more about it. You were not in the least to blame. Let us forget it.

Always faithfully,

R. M. B.

Thursday, 10 o'clock.

The last phrase in this note of mine was not put in unadvisedly; quite the contrary.

There were several reasons why it seemed to me that the incident might as well be forgotten. One was that I happened to be engaged to Miss Schuyler, and I felt quite sure she would not appreciate its point.

Of course there was no reason why I should not have taken Patty to see "Peter Pan," when she wrote me Tom could not go with her. I had known them both from childhood. Neither was there any reason why Patty should not have known I was engaged to Miss Schuyler. But Miss Schuyler had marked ideas. One of them was that the engagement should not be announced until one month of the wedding—and that happy day was fixed for four months off.

My engagement to Miss Schuyler was in the nature of an alliance. Our families had quarreled politely together since the settlement of New Amsterdam, and it seemed fitting that we should unite the two estates—and continue the custom. Miss Schuyler was tall and dark—her nose commanded respect. Her chosen suitor had reason to be proud.

Little Patty, now, was a mere child—foolish and flippant—no one could take her seriously. Her nose could never command respect. It turned up.

When next I saw her, a few days later, she was taking an ice cream soda, which shows how childish she was. I was taking one myself. She seemed painfully embarrassed.

"Oh Mr. Bleecker," said she, "I—I—"

"My dear little girl, you distress yourself most unnecessarily. It's all past—forget all about it."

"Oh yes—but I can't bear to have you think me so light-minded—I would n't make a jest of—"

"Of course not. Why not let me take you home through the park?"

The least I could do when I had made her feel so badly, was to offer to drop her at her door that warm day—and the auto was puffing outside.

The afternoon, as I have said, was warm and sunny, the air delightful. Was there any reason why the homeward way should be confined to the park? Patty did not seem to see any—so—a turn of



the wheel, and we were buzzing up the long hill to Riverside—past Claremont—over the viaduct—then, a dash across the rough connecting stretch of Broadway, and we were bowling smoothly along Lafayette Avenue, above the broad Hudson. It certainly was delightful, and what a setting for Patty's fresh and spring-like face. Now I don't object to a turn up nose, when it does n't turn up too much, and when it combines itself with laughing red lips, white teeth, and an uncommonly pretty little rounded chin.

I may say I noted irrelevantly that Patty's hair did not get stringy, nor her eyes watery, nor her face one deep red color as we rushed along. Miss Schuyler's did. Poor little girl! She evidently had suffered greatly from the "lesson" I had given her. It might now be well, in the interests of her reformation, to temper justice with mercy. I did not find the process an altogether unpleasant one, and when I finally left her at her door, it was with an arrangement for another spin in a few days through the 'Necks' along the Sound.

"Richard," observed my dear Angela that night at dinner—Miss Schuyler's name is Angela—"I have decided not to go out in that motor car any more. In the first place it is common, and in the second, it is dangerous. Besides, it is so disarranging to everything."

"It is," I replied.

And it was—to Angela.

We spent the evening in the library reading "Thoughts from Maeterlinck."

Three o'clock of a glorious spring afternoon early the following week, found me before the apartment on the park, the fumes of gasoline wafting up sweetly in at the open windows, and the soothing chug-chugging eloquently singing of my presence below.

A very short moment, and Patty in her long blue coat, with veil of the same color framing her face and floating out behind her, was beside me whizzing up to the Harlem—over Central Bridge—up Jerome Avenue—across Fordham—through Westchester Village, and then along the beautiful English walled lanes out through Throgg's Neck into Fort Schuyler, with

the sparkling blue Sound all around us. Patty was wild with delight, and the fresh sea breezes flushed her cheeks a brighter red. In every direction was spread out before us an enchanting picture, changing as we looked.

Angela had always found the spot "very pretty."

A return dash to the Southern Boulevard, and another half hour brought us through Pelham Manor with its tiny, quaint, cross-topped church, to the series of necks and points off New Rochelle, with their park roads, their entrancing views, and their magnificent places, whose soft green turf and brilliant foliage beds sweep down to the water's edge. A spin around them, and a good brush back to town in time for dinner.

Angela had invited an Uncle Van Renssalaer, and two Aunts Verplanck that night. I knew them all well. There were no surprises waiting for me. We talked about the death of Cousin Wynkoop's son, thirty years before—not the oldest son—the second one.

Angela was making some notes at the Astor Library, which took up all her afternoons just now.

Since she did not wish to motor any more, and since it was a sin to have that seat empty—of course I had to exercise the car—I felt my sense of duty as a 'justice-temperer' grow upon me while the spring days lengthened into June.

Patty seemed chastened, even resigned. And the heights across the Hudson, with the rolling country back of them, the beautiful stretches along the south shore, even the shady, winding lanes of Staten Island were becoming familiar, and I may say I was beginning to feel quite satisfied with my reforming influence on Patty.

As we dashed up to the entrance to the apartment late one afternoon, I noticed Billy Van Dusen stalking along towards us from the next block. He looked cross. Billy was Angela's first cousin. Were complications looming ahead?"

"What is the matter with him?" I asked.

"Oh, Billy? I'm afraid he's been kept waiting a bit; I was to have gone with him at five—"

"Gone with him—"

"Yes, to look at rings. We're engaged, you know. I've been going to tell you, but I kept forgetting it. Billy likes me to get the air, and he says it's so kind in you to take me out motoring."

Was that childlike face too candid?

"Oh—" seemed to be about all I could think of to say, as Billy came up to help her out of the car.

That night Angela did not seem so light of mood as usual. Maeterlinck's "Thoughts" were replaced by Heckel's "Wonders of Life." She seemed to have something on her mind. I waited for it to make its appearance, feeling sure it would prove food for thought of the most indigestible kind—such, for instance, as why Cousin Van Brunt had quarreled with Aunt Van Tassel.

At last it came. It was this.

On serious reflection, Angela felt that even the uniting of our two estates could not be permitted to weigh against her own higher destiny, which was, she had decided, to take a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins, and then to make her life work a professorship at Barnard. She therefore asked me to release her from her promise, at the same time begging me to regard her always as a sincere friend, who would ever be deeply interested in my welfare and future career.

My course was clear. Staggering as this blow was—I must nerve myself to bear it—I could not ask her to sacrifice her destiny. I left hopeful that my words bore out this impression, for when I left, her sense of high resolve was plainly struggling with remorse.

There is a certain bench in the park, not far from the Eighty-Sixth Street entrance, which a fringe of bushes renders almost secluded from the passer-by. I found Patty seated on it the following morning. I thought I might do so. It had happened before. My mind was fully made up to teach her a second lesson—this time untempered by mercy.

"You certainly have been treating me abominably," I began; "you must know that, of course. I could not have believed such duplicity in one so young."

"Has it an age limit?"

"What do you mean?" That pink linen frock just matched her soft rounded cheeks—the little hypocrite.

"I understood that even a person of—say—thirty-one—?"

Thirty-one is my exact age.

"I don't see the point."

"How about Miss Schuyler?"

"What about her?"

"Well, I think you might have told me you were engaged."

"But I'm not—"

"Why Billy said—"

Billy! I began to understand.

"So Billy told you, did he?"

"Yes; he thought it might be interesting for me to know it."

"And how long have you known it?"

"Just before that night at 'Peter Pan.'"

"I wonder you can refer to that, you abandoned young flirt, trying to lead me on—and engaged yourself all the time."

"But I was n't—I'm not—"

"How do you explain things then?"

Let her clear herself first, if she could.

"Well, in the beginning, Billy told me about you and his cousin Angela being engaged—as a joke" (Joke—let them try an Alliance once—) and I thought it would be broadening to see how an engaged man would act under certain circumstances—so I—that's how it began—"

"Oh that's how it began, is it? And how about the end?"

"Oh that—well—I thought it might add more interest—for you—if you thought I was engaged, too—"

"And do you mean to say you're not?"

"Not a bit. That was part of the experiment; it just came into my mind when I saw Billy last night. But what about Miss Schuyler?"

"She has a destiny and can't be bothered," I answered absently, a light was breaking through the mist.

"Why have you taken all these pains to play this game?" said I, looking straight into her blue eyes.

The sweet June roses were pale beside her cheeks.

"Patty," I asked, "do you think you could learn to care for an old man?"

"Not if he was more than thirty-one," said Patty.



**Parisian Fashion Model IX**  
FROM LIFE

By special contract with  
REUTLINGER, PARIS

This gown from Maison Rouff: Evening costume of moiré carrying a pattern of roses. The ornamentation is afforded by appliquéd butterflies.



**Parisian Fashion Model X**  
FROM LIFE

By special contract with  
**REUTLINGER, PARIS**

This gown from Maison Redfern: Evening coat of velvet, trimmed with fur.  
The loose sleeves are finished at the cuffs with lace appliqué.



**Parisian Fashion Model XI**  
**FROM LIFE**

By special contract with  
**REUTLINGER, PARIS**

This gown from Maison Drécoll: Afternoon costume with skirt draped  
 from the girdle, and corsage heavily embroidered.





**Parisian Fashion Model XII**  
FROM LIFE

By special contract with  
**REUTLINGER, PARIS**

This gown from Maison Bernard: Tailored costume, the skirt and jacket trimmed with wide braid.



**Parisian Fashion Model XIII**

FROM LIFE

By special contract with  
**REUTLINGER, PARIS**

This gown from Maison Erber; Deep fur cape with stole faced with  
ermine, giving the effect of lapels.



**Parisian Fashion Model XIV**  
FROM LIFE

By special contract with  
REUTLINGER, PARIS

This gown from Maison Ney: A tailored costume, the skirt of which is draped demi-princesse. The coat is a new bolero model.



**Parisian Fashion Model XV**  
FROM LIFE

By special contract with  
**REUTLINGER, PARIS**

This gown from Maison Ney: An evening gown of tulle, embroidered  
in relief.



**Parisian Fashion Model XVI**  
**FROM LIFE**

By special contract with  
**REUTLINGER, PARIS**

This gown from Maison Erber: Fur-lined and fur-trimmed loose coat. The upper sleeves and the skirt from the waist line are developed soft plaits.





PHOTO BY HALLEN

Annie Russell as Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

## Some Dramas of the Day

BY LOUIS V. DE FOE

There was, naturally, a keen interest in the first appearance in this country of H. B. Irving. The fact of his being the son of his celebrated father was alone sufficient to attract special attention to his acting for, however much in the past theater-goers railed against the late Sir Henry's hollow voice and halting stride and his peculiar combination of majesty and mannerisms, they, nevertheless, admitted his rare personality and intellectual force in the drama, and flocked in such numbers to see him that his frequently recurring visits to this country finally became veritable triumphal tours.

And now that his ashes rest in Westminster Abbey beside the dust of the famous Garrick and at the feet of the statue raised to the immortal Shakespeare, there was a natural desire to know whether his mantle had fallen on his son and, if so, what manner of shoulders would henceforth bear it.

I easily detected in young Irving a reflection, though faint, of the great Sir Henry. There were again the high, intellectual forehead, the bristling eyebrows, the piercing, restless eyes, but not the firmly moulded chin. The new-comer also had the pale skin, the serious, thoughtful mien, the gaunt figure, and the long stride of his father and, sometimes, when the currents of passion ran swiftly, the same hollow, unmusical but meaningful notes were heard in his voice.

Thus far I have seen young Irving in only one play—Stephen Phillips' poetic tragedy of "Paolo and Francesca"—and, partly on account of the character of *Giovanni Malatesta*, which he interpreted, but more on account of the unfitness of the poem for dramatic portrayal, I hesitate to commit myself to a decided estimate of his ability. But I can say, in all sincerity, that he is more than merely the son of his father, and that he has



H. B. Irving in "Paolo and Francesca."

natural talents, though not yet entirely developed, that make him an unusually interesting actor. His enunciation is not only admirable, it is beautiful; he has physical grace but, apparently, no special emotional depth; he is not over-burdened with nobility of facial expression, and he uses gestures sparingly. Above all, he is a careful, intellectual actor, whose performances are carefully planned and smoothly carried out.

I confess I was disappointed in Stephen Phillips' tragedy, which Mr. Irving produced in this country for the first time. In certain detached passages, in choice of diction, imagery, rhythms, and cadences it is beautiful, if not inspirational poetry that is sometimes suggestive of Tennyson.

How, for instance, could *Francesca* be more beautifully described than—

She hath but wondered up at  
the white clouds;  
Hath just spread out her hands  
to the warm sun;  
Hath heard but gentle words  
and cloister sounds.

Or *Francesca's* own words about her sad mood, when she says:

What is it to be sad?  
Nothing hath grieved me yet  
but ancient woes,  
Sea perils, or some long-ago  
farewell,  
Or the last sunset cry of  
wounded kings.

Or the strong couplet in one of *Lucrezia's* speeches when she cries:

It is such souls as mine that go  
to swell  
The childless cavern-cry of the  
barren sea.

But after seeing Mr. Phillips' "Ulysses" acted several years ago—a dramatic failure, by the way—and this new setting of his "Paolo and Francesca" I am inclined to believe that the chorus of indiscriminate praise that has been sung for his muse by the English literary critics has been extravagant. How these enthusiastic gentleman could have discovered in his work

"an almost Shakespearean tenderness and beauty" and "a Miltonic grandeur" are matters that quite elude my perceptions.

Mr. Phillips' place, in spite of the encomiums of his friends and admirers, is still among the minor English poets. As a dramatist he is of much less importance for, however delightful may be the appeal of his plays in the library, their real test is in the theater, and here they are so deficient in sweep and strength that they scarcely project themselves across the footlights.

"Paolo and Francesca," for instance, —that dark tale of the hapless medieval lovers of Rimini, told by Dante and retold by poets, dramatists, and painters for six hundred years—is, in a dramatic sense,

artificial and labored. It contains more true poetry, but it certainly has much less inherent dramatic strength than the familiar American version by the late George H. Boker. The form that Mr. Phillips affects is that of the Greek classic drama. At the outset of this play he sounds the note of predestined fate. The struggle he pictures is that of weak wills in faint-hearted conflict with physical passions. In effect, *Paolo* and *Francesca* are children, and the struggles of children are never likely to contain the essential dramatic element of vital interest.

There are some moments of tenseness as, for instance, when the jealous, vengeful suspicions of *Giovanni* and the murder of the lovers are being portrayed. The contrasting scenes—the farewells of the soldiers and the maids and the incident in the apothecary shop—impress me as decidedly second rate.

Miss Dorothea Baird, who is Mr. Irving's wife, accompanies her husband and appears in the rôle of *Francesca*. She is a willowy young actress but she is not, in any sense, a tragic *artiste*.

Mr. Irving has brought with him a long repertoire and an excellent company. If, in other plays, he exhibits abilities not already disclosed I may have more to say of him anon.

To attempt a revival of Shakespeare's immortal comedy of fantasy—"Midsummer Night's Dream"—under the discouraging histrionic conditions of the present day is a hazardous undertaking, and one that might give pause to managers of the broadest experience. That it was accomplished so creditably by Wagenhals & Kemper, the new firm of managers who opened the new Astor theater with this as the attraction augurs well for the playhouse future.

The danger in staging a gossamer web of poetic fancy

so delicate, fragile, and elusive as "The Dream" rises from a temptation to secure its effect upon the audience by material and mechanical methods. Imagination runs riot through its beautiful imagery and limpid, harmonious verse—imagination that lifts the mind above mundane affairs and transports it to the sunlit, enchanted realms of fantasy. The illusions that the poem weaves are beyond the power of the stage to convey. They belong to the solitude of the library at the midnight hour, when elves and sprites and gnomes come down to earth and dance in the wreaths of blue that curl above the bowl of a briar pipe.

But that the comedy must fall short of its full realization in the theater is no



Dorothea Baird and Harcourt Williams in "Paolo and Francesca."

argument that its representation on the stage should not be attempted, if the producer be content to let its message proceed from its poetry and resist the tendency to appeal to the senses through the medium of artificial adornment—that is, to subordinate the scenery and mechanics to the play itself.

This is what Wagenhals & Kemper have succeeded in doing. The settings at the Astor, while ample and artistic, are not obtrusive. Your eyes revel in cool woodland scenes and leafy bowers in which *Puck* and his mischievous goblins beguile jealous, amorous mortals, and even the monarchs of their fairy realm, but it is the poet's fancy and the rippling music of his verse that really weave the spell. You look with admiration on the marble palaces of the Athenian mortals but the mental pictures you conceive of their vexed affairs are inspired by the delightful cadences of their speech.

Probably, the entire expense of this production of "The Dream" is less than other managers of less wisdom have incurred in the mere details of translucent toadstools, electric glowworms, and aerial ballets, but the wealth of the message it imparts to the audience is immeasurably greater.

Mischievous *Puck* is played by Miss Annie Russell and raised for the first time, so far as I recall, to the distinction of a star part. I miss, in her impersonation, the innate, amiable deviltry, the spontaneous merriment, and the impish alertness of the ideal *Robin Goodfellow*. There are, instead, a feminine gentleness, a pretty

reluctance, and a dainty pensiveness—qualities that have always been distinguishable in this capable young actress' work. Her voice, too, is hollow and flat; her enunciation is not clear, and some of the golden lines barely cross the footlights. But she is graceful, light and restless; she dances prettily and flits about the stage on nimble feet. It is the *Puck* of a woman, but, withal, a fair interpretation of the part.

John Bunny is an unctuous, comical *Bottom*, a vast improvement over N. C. Goodwin, who last played the rôle in New York. He represents the Weaver as a slow, ungainly, ignorant clod, sluggish of mind yet consumed with self-conceit, an amorous, oily, pretentious fool. The comicality of his acting increases even when his fat jowls and pop eyes are hidden under the ass' head. The acting of the character falls easily within the poet's lines and its humors are legitimately secured.

The others in *Bottom's* clownish crew are not over well played. Nor are the four mortals, whose love affairs are tangled by the fairies particularly well im-

personated, for Shakespearean verse is beyond the elocutionary powers of the present day actor. Miss Catherine Proctor, Miss Lansing Rowan, Oswald Yorke, and Lionel Adams are assigned to these rôles. But Miss Ina Brooke is a beautiful and majestic *Titania* and James Young is a handsome and graceful *Oberon*. The other characters, both mortals and immortals, are passably well performed.

The company is numerous and well drilled. Particularly captivating is the dancing and singing of the fairy hosts in



PHOTO BY SARONY

Eleanor Robson as Nurse Marjorie.





PHOTO BY WHITE

Grace George and Frank Worthing in the Hapgood-Pollock play, "Clothes."



their woodland revels. The musical setting of Mendelssohn is used throughout—a web of delightful melody that binds the delicate fragments of fancy of "The Dream" into an enrapturing whole.

I am glad to be able to add that the patronage of "The Dream" is proving that the theater-going public is not beyond the lure of poetic fantasy on the stage.

Ordinarily, I am not inclined to enthuse much over musical-comedy. I am bound, of course, to admit the popularity of this hybrid form of stage entertainment, but I am quite at a loss how to account for it. In nine cases out of ten it is a mass of sheer nonsense for dunce performers that does not hit above dunce intellects in the audience.

But when a free-and-easy, knock-about entertainment in the musical-comedy class like "The Red Mill" comes along, I become infected like the rest and dash, pell-mell, to see it. I might as well be frank at the outset and say that this new concoction, mixed by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert for those two amazing acrobatic dancers, Montgomery and Stone, and handsomely produced by Charles B. Dillingham, is the most amusing bit of tomfoolery that I have seen in the theater in many a day.

After this burst of extravagant praise I ought at least to be able to describe why it appealed to me that way but I hardly know where to begin or how to picture its attractions. Perhaps its chief spirit of fun is in its "comedians"—save the mark! They are the famous *Scare-Crow* and *Tin Woodsman* of "The Wizard of Oz," although one has shed his straw stuffing and

the other has cast off his tin armor, and both now appear in the disguise that nature gave them.

Maybe the attractions are in the picturesque settings and costumes. At any rate, the two scenes, thronged with quaint figures in Dutch dress, are most delightful to the eye. One represents an inn at the side of a canal with an old, ivy-covered and moss-grown wind-mill hard by. The other is the interior of the burgomeister's

house done in delicate and beautiful tiling of Delft blue.

Victor Herbert's dainty music, as melodious as the songs of birds in spring, may also be the magnet of the piece. He has written in just the right vein for such a careless, exuberant piece. But wherever the attractions of the piece may lie, it is uncommonly diverting from beginning to end, and though it has been running only a few nights its all-season success seems assured. In fact it has already redeemed the rest of the list of this year's musical-comedies.

The company is as clever as could be assembled. Miss

Ethel Johnson is captivating as the roguish daughter of the comic inn keeper and the avoirdupois of Miss Alene Crater is surcharged with merriment as *Bertha*, the burgomeister's sister. Augusta Greenleaf plays *Gretchen*, the runaway ward of the burgomeister and Joseph M. Ratliff does a clever bit of comedy work as a Dutch Beau Brummel, *Captain Von Damm*.

There are a dozen others who sing and dance well besides acting absurd characters capitally. And besides, there are a score of song numbers, every one of which haunts the memory long after the curtain has fallen.



Grace George.



PHOTO BY HALL

Edward Begley David Don, David Montgomery, Fred Stone in "The Red Mill."

It has been seven years since Klaw & Erlanger first bewildered Broadway with the scenic splendors of "Ben Hur." Their dramatic setting of the late Gen. Lew Wallace's novel of the birth of Christianity was really remarkable in its way. Now they are attempting to repeat the feat with a dramatization of the same author's "The Prince of India," forgetting that the last romance has neither the dramatic nor the mechanical possibilities of the first. Whatever pretensions it makes to real drama are supplied in a bombastic blank verse book by J. I. C. Clarke.

But the mere detail of real drama cuts very little figure in the production, the purpose of which is to stagger the audience with gigantic scenery, soothe it with sonorous melodies, and stupefy it with incense. In effect it is a vast, concerted attack on the senses, with almost all consideration of the intellect left out.

The thread of the tale is the wooing of the Greek princess, Irene, by Mohammed II, leader of the conquering hosts of Islam during the siege of Constantinople and the overthrow of the Emperor Constantine. The details are worked out amid the alarms of battle, the rush of soldiery, the trysts of lovers, the fury of storms, and the ceremonies of religious zealots.

The stage is kept in constant turmoil. Five hundred people take part in the spectacle, although the vital characters in the story number only five.

In the case of Miss Grace George's new comedy, "Clothes," you feel as if you were sitting down to a luncheon made out of the disguised remnants of the dinner of the night before. However, a competent housewife can sometimes contrive to make even such left-over fare palatable, and this is what Channing Pollock has done to the play.

Avery Hopwood, a young Westerner, is the co-author, and to him belongs the original and satirical, central idea of the piece. His inspiration is taken from Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," and the thrusts at vulgar climbers on the fringe of society, which is the drift of the play, are made through the medium of a gown which, desired in the first act, obtained in the second, worn in the third, and discarded in the fourth, is the symbol of the vicissitudes through which the heroine passes. She is the victim of a scoundrel guardian who, having wasted her competence and then provided her with an income from his own purse, tries to make it appear to her lover that he has

been supporting her for purposes of immorality.

The theme is elaborated with all sorts of devices borrowed from the successful society comedies of the last half dozen years, but it does not follow on that account that "Clothes" is ineffective as a play.

The comedy is sumptuously staged and costumed by William A. Brady. Miss George does some of the best acting of her career in the heroine part. Her emotional scenes, while the piece is in its melodramatic moods, do not quite carry the necessary conviction, but her moments of light comedy and her romantic passages with her sweetheart are quite delightful.

She has the advantage of an excellent company, conspicuous in which are Frank Worthing, who does a drunken scene, *a la* "The Moth and The Flame" admirably; Robert T. Haines, who plays the lover sincerely, even if somewhat bluntly, and A. H. Stuart, who appears to much advantage as a broken down financier.

Since Miss Eleanor Robson produced Israel Zangwill's comedy, "Merely Mary Ann," three seasons ago, I have been waiting in vain for another play that contains the same note of sincerity and flavor of unconscious simplicity. I must admit that such pure nuggets of dramatic gold are not found lying close together.

On the eve of despatching this review of current dramas to THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE I was confronted with the choice of seeing Miss Robson in "Nurse Marjorie" by the same author, or Miss Margaret Anglin in William Vaughn Moody's new western drama, "The Great Divide." Anticipation led me to select the first although, if report is to be trusted, the second proved to be the much more important event. Of "The Great Divide" I shall surely have something to say in the next issue of this magazine.

Meanwhile, I must put "Nurse Marjorie" in a class far beneath "Merely Mary Ann," although it made a favorable impression on its first audience, and proved to be a dainty, sympathetic, amusing, and often witty little play.

Miss Robson, whose natural charms and

refinements place her among the most popular of the younger stars, is again captivating as the daughter of an Irish peer, whom sympathy for the unfortunate poor of London leads to take up hospital nursing in the White Chapel district. Here, one of her patients is the rising young leader of the Labor Party in the House of Commons, recovering from an operation on his eyes.

During all the weeks of convalescence, while his eyes are tightly bandaged, he is under the impression that his nurse is an unprepossessing, middle-aged spinster. When he first sees the light and the beautiful, delicate girl dawns on his vision his heart is immediately conquered. He believes her to be a girl of the people and, as a politician with an ambition to serve the people, he is anxious to marry her.

Nurse Marjorie, on her side, knows that John Danbury's ambitions have a mastery over his heart, and she lays bare his weakness in a capital scene in an East End fried-fish shop, when she lets him into the secret of her aristocratic birth. Willing to win her in poverty, he rejects her in wealth. For a time the young pair are separated, but when Danbury is injured in a strike riot, chance again places him in the care of Marjorie's gentle ministering hands. He eventually sees the error of his way and a happy ending follows.

To be candid, this bare outline of the plot does not do justice to the comedy, which is dominated throughout by Miss Robson's attractive presence and ingenuous acting. Nor does it indicate the several deftly interwoven minor interests which round out the story and help to conceal its various improbabilities. Still I do not consider it a particularly good play, although I must concede its power to divert.

In her simple nurse's uniform Miss Robson is far more fetching than most other actresses in gay Paris millinery. She has a capital company for her all-season engagement. H. B. Warner, her new leading man, makes a good impression in the rôle of the young labor leader. Reuben Fox, Miss Kate Denin Wilson, Miss Ada Dwyer, Leslie Kenyon, and others score in naturally drawn, clearly outlined, and amusing characters.